

# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED

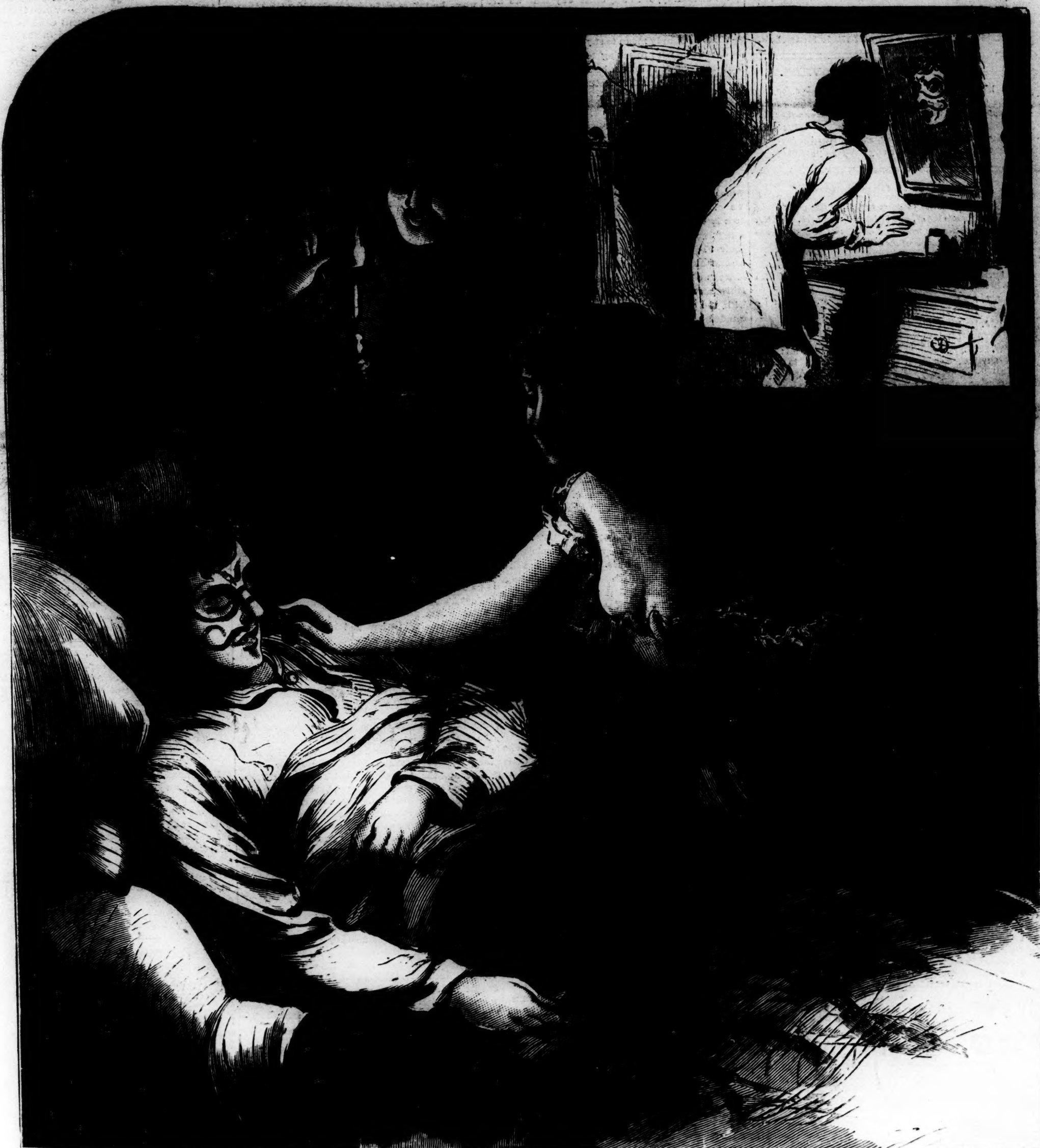
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Vol. XXXV.—No. 117.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1879.

Price Ten Cents.



MERRY SUBJECTS OF QUEEN MAB ON A MIDNIGHT LARK—THEY CONCLUDE TO TAKE THEIR CITY VISITOR DOWN A PEG, HAVING MADE HIMSELF VERY "FRESH," AND FOR THIS PURPOSE DECORATE HIS FACE SO ARTISTICALLY WITH BLACK CORK WHILE HE IS SLEEPING THAT HE FINDS IT DIFFICULT TO RECOGNIZE HIMSELF IN THE MORNING.—SEE PAGE 2.





RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Proprietor.

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING

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**Answers to Correspondents.**

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

R. H. M., Davis, Tex.—Item noted.

SUPERINTENDENT WAPPENSTEIN, Cincinnati.—Truly obliged. Will send paper.

J. L. S., Denver, Col.—Portraits appear. Further by mail. Thanks for attention.

P. J. H., Knoxville, Tenn.—Will attend to the matter in our next; arrived too late for this week.

W. H. W., Des Moines, Ia.—Have fixed it up all right. If anything communicate. Think it ought to take. Thanks.

G. B. W., McNutt, Miss.—Send fuller account and we will see what we can do with it. Too barren of details to illustrate as sent.

H. T. W., Minonk, Ill.—Have used portraits. Occurrence not of sufficiently recent date for illustration, as well as not, by its nature, admitting of it.

W. S. V., Wilmington, Del.—Have used matter sent. Thanks for the attention. Shall be glad to have you favor us similarly on any lively sensation offering.

B. W. B., Bay City, Mich.—Have noted the matter in this issue but much more briefly than you have rendered it, having been previously received from another source.

A., Union City, Ind.—Matter not one of any general interest. Will return portrait. Other portrait referred we think never used, but if so give date. Have no idea how long ago is "some time since."

T. M. D., Hagerstown, Ind.—Don't want regular correspondents in small towns, but are always ready to take live matter, portraits of interest and sketches of notable occurrences at liberal rates.

C. H., Fort Keogh, M. T.—Can't use suicides unless attended by specially sensational circumstances as this assuredly was not. Much obliged all the same, however, and try us again with something more entertaining.

W. G. S., Chester, Pa.—No such thing has been received here at this time, and had it been it is altogether unlikely that we should have published it except after the fullest scrutiny. We admit nothing of a personal character to our columns without having the best vouchers of its reliability to the best of our judgment.

CORRESPONDENT, San Francisco, Cal.—Article and clippings received. Have published portrait, but having already given a full account of it did not deem it of sufficient general interest to go into it further. Can you not send us portraits of the other parties? Any new and striking developments not heretofore appearing we will also be glad to have.

A. T. M., Charlotte, N. C.—The matter is of local interest only. Besides, as a newspaper man, as you profess to be, you ought to know enough not to write on both sides of your paper. Anything of actual interest in our line that you may have will be accepted, of course. That goes without saying, especially in regard to sending portraits and authentic sketches. Have no use for any regular correspondent outside of that.

J. L. McADAMS, Portland, Ind.—We have demanded a full explanation from the party. If it is not forthcoming and we find thereby that we have been imposed upon under assurances that we were induced to give faith to, we promise you that we shall make the fullest and freest reparation in the matter that lies in our power, being convinced that we are bound by no journalistic courtesy in such a case, since if it is as you and your friends claim it is outside of the bounds of journalistic or other courtesy, if not, indeed, within that of crime proper. We make this statement, of course, provisional upon the failure of the party to do what he professed to be able and willing to do in the matter.

CORRESPONDENT, Portland, Ind.—See answer to other party in the affair. We desire to act in the best and fullest faith with you, and to give you any opportunity you can reasonably ask to set yourself right. If you fail to do so, we assure you that we mean just what is said in the other place. If your action has been in good faith, make it apparent and we will stand by you to the end. If, however, the thing turns out as it looks now, we shall take every means to convince you and others through the example to be made of you, that the columns of the GAZETTE cannot be made a medium either for the cowardly winking of a personal spite or for the perpetration of a no less cowardly act in the playing of a silly and cruel practical joke at the expense of another. That is all we have to say to you on the subject at present.

**NEW YORK BY GAS LIGHT.**

While not wishing to obtrude in our claims upon the appreciation of our readers regarding the various novel and entertaining features which we have recently introduced into the columns of the GAZETTE, we cannot refrain from calling attention to the excellence of the graphic pictures of New York's Gas-lit Life in more ways than one. That is to say, that not only are they valuable and instructive as a faithful reproduction of the inside life of the American metropolis such as is to be obtained from no other source and which has never before been similarly represented to the public, accurate and vivid without putting forward the objectionable points of the subject, but they are, furthermore, performing a noteworthy work in the interest of morality and the preservation of the outward moral tone at least of our social constitution. There are phases in the life of a great city which, objectionable enough in a moral point of view, must be tolerated in a social and political one, at least until humanity stands on a far higher plane than it does to-day. To attempt to ignore this fact by active demonstration religiously, journalistically, or in any other way that we are at present aware of is to run a Quixotic tilt against a wind-mill.

What we simply mean to say in this connection is that while not professing to attempt any such hair-brained crusade against facts which we see no practical way under existing conditions of removing, we do profess, in the sketches in question, to make a bold attack upon abuses which are susceptible of remedy and which, while they exist, are a scandal to the fair fame of our city.

We propose to hit these evils so hard that some one shall be hurt, and if they are invulnerable because they are armored by public officials who stand at their back and share in the plunder, then we shall see to it that the backers do not get free, as they have too long gone, and scud away unrecognized by the public while hugging their ill-gotten gains. That this view is not an erroneous one we are convinced by the numerous letters we have received from prominent people, ladies as well as gentlemen, who are acquainted with the circumstances of the case and, broad-minded enough to be aware of the difficulty of effectively treating the matter, see and appreciate in our vivid pictures the means of dealing these evils the severest and most vigorous blows that they have ever experienced.

**THE DEADLY DIVES.**

More than any other city on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, at least, and it may be doubted whether it can be eclipsed elsewhere, New York is cursed with a number of dives and hell-holes of the worst possible description—dangerous to the stranger to the extent of robbery and murder, and disgraceful to the city itself. We propose to commence in a short time a series of articles which shall let in the light of day upon these dark plague-spots of our city, these sores and excrescences upon the body politic. We are aware that we are not pioneering in this charge upon a huge and horrible evil, and that numerous previous well directed and well meant efforts of our contemporaries in this same direction have ignominiously failed. What we do propose is something in the way of a new departure in attacking them. It is not that these dives have not been thoroughly "shown up," as the term is, already, in our own columns, as well as in those of our daily and weekly cotemporaries. What we believe is that they have not been shown up in the right way, and we propose to make up for this omission by holding them up in such a way that the authorities will be unable to ignore the matter as they have done hitherto.

In this view we shall commence, shortly, a thorough illustrated exposition of all the dives, dance-halls and low-down resorts of the city, taking in every one of the infamous resorts on Chatham street and the Bowery, of which the Belmontico which, only because of its flaring character on the most prominent thoroughfare of the city, its larger capacity and greater power for evil, is cited as a type of its class, the William street sinks of iniquity, the Water street sewers of vice, and the Houston street snares for the unwary and pitfalls for the weak.

We assure all whom it may concern that we shall spare none and that not in the general way that has proved the weak point of preceding efforts of this sort but in the most direct, special and personal style, we shall attack every place of the character indicated, giving illustrations, portraits, personal histories and real or reputed relations with police authorities that may account for the palpable protection enjoyed from those whose plain duty it is to exterminate them. If we do nothing more, we shall at least fully acquaint citizens with the relations existing between the servants they pay to defend them from the dangerous classes and the wretches who live by vice and crime. At the very least we can assure our readers that it will be lively reading.

**NO HOPE FOR CHASTINE COX.**

Chastine Cox, who murdered Mrs. Hull in this

city in July last while committing a burglary in her residence, since his trial and sentence to death in October last has been making strenuous efforts through his counsel to have the judgment of the court reversed. They were successful in having the execution postponed indefinitely. On the 6th inst. arguments for a new trial were heard by Judges Daniels, Davis and Ingalls in the Supreme Court, but proved unavailing. The decision of the lower court was affirmed, and it now remains for the court who passed the sentence to name a new day for the hanging.

**A "Masher" Taught a Lesson.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. J. A. Watkins is the junior member in a well-known firm of brokers in Wall street. He is, in his own opinion, a perfect Adonis, and boasts of many victories in the camp of Venus, and figuratively speaking, bears on his belt the trophies of many hearts who could not resist his stunning fascinations. Last summer he paid a visit to the little village of Englewood, N. J., famous for its fair women and brave men. Here his winning ways and many graces were brought into active play, and at the end of the season when he returned to New York, and visited the uptown club of which he is a member, he was wont to relate to his brother "mashers" the story of his many conquests among the susceptible belles of Englewood.

Some of these adventures did not tend to enhance the reputation of the fair victims of his arts. "Rumor hath a thousand tongues," saith Shakespeare, and one of them bore his accounts of his visit back to the ears of the aforesaid belles. Indignation begot the spirit of revenge, and they calmly bided their time.

It came sooner than expected. Mr. W., anxious for a little relaxation from the strife of "bills and bears," stocks, etc., again sought the quietude of rusticity, and shortly after his arrival visited two of his summer flames. He was received with the most profuse protestations of joy, and assured that his society was a boon for which they had long pined and languished.

The susceptible broker was fairly caught in the fair schemers' trap. Would he make their home his home? Certainly. Day passed into night, and the evening was made pleasant by cards, backgammon, and other little amusements peculiar to country life. Before retiring for the night, his bibulous habits were attended to by his fair entertainers. Wine of the choicest brand was furnished, into which was put some harmless drug that would woo the gentle god of sleep, and place him secure in his chains till morning. Then he retired to sleep—perchance to dream of love's affairs or the sterner realities of Wall street life.

Soon his snores were telegraphed by his healthy lungs to the keyhole, where the two avengers, armed with burnt cork, waited their long-looked for opportunity. Entering softly, robed in the garments of night, they proceeded to the bed, and embellished his handsome face in a manner, if not artistic, at once striking and highly colored, and then they left him alone in his glory.

His consternation on awakening in the morning can be better imagined than described. His transformation was so complete that he was puzzled to know whether he was himself or an escaped minstrel. He resolved to avail himself of soap and water as an aid to a solution of this problem, but these indispensables were nowhere to be found in the room. Desperate at his plight, he resolved to face the female music which would greet him when he descended. There the stern paternal parent met him, and his request for water was peremptorily declined, with an invitation for him to "vamoos" the ranch, "double-quick time, and never come sneaking around there again."

Without any ado he started out, and as he passed down the steps the titling of suppressed laughter smote his ears. He was enlightened, the mystery of his transformation was revealed, and chagrined and conscience-smitten he hurried through the streets to the nearest hotel. On his way thither several of the charming villagers passed him, and they, knowing the joke, made him the target of their sneers.

Of course the story of the whole affair reached New York, and many of his club and business associates long for a glimpse of him. But, so far, he has not braced himself up to the ordeal of banter and comment which surely awaits him, and the theory is suggested that he has resolved to become a monk and register eternal vows against celibacy and everything pertaining to women kind. At all events he will learn to curb his tongue in the future.

**A Smoking Car Sensation.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Frances K. Ferguson, a lady about fifty years of age, ladylike and finely dressed, who said she was the manager of the Citizens' Employment Association, an incorporated institution of this city, boarded a Third avenue car on the morning of the 5th opposite Cooper Institute, intending to call on the Mayor, to whom she wished to present a petition. By mistake she entered a smoking-car, and was somewhat surprised to see several gentlemen smoking. She said nothing, thinking them ignorant persons who knew no better. In the same car, calmly enjoying a "Reina Victoria," was Special Deputy Sheriff E. B. St. John Henriques, a member of the "Old Guard," as well as of the Seventy-first Regiment.

Miss Ferguson rode as far as Canal street, when she went to the conductor and told him that the smoking made her sick, and unless it was stopped she would have to remain on the platform. She was told it was a smoking-car, and that the smoking among the men could not be stopped. Finally Henriques chanced to go out on the platform, and Miss Ferguson hit him in the mouth with her muff, knocking his cigar into the street.

He attempted to arrest her, and she struck him

again, and in the tussle got decidedly the best of him. He waited until he came opposite the Twenty-sixth Precinct station-house, in the City Hall, and then calling officer Crook had her arrested, charging her with assault and battery.

She was taken before Justice Morgan at the Tombs, where she gave her residence, and in response to the question of Justice Morgan as to what she had to say concerning the report against her replied that she did not know it was a smoking car. She said she was sorry she had not been able to mark him for life. She afterwards said she did not know it was a smoking car, but that she felt faint from the fumes and had complained to the conductor. Justice Morgan fined her \$5 and took her down stairs. Afterwards, in consequence of Mr. Henriques' statement that she had threatened to have him arrested and sued for false imprisonment, Justice Morgan recalled her and committed her in default of \$100 bail for assault and battery, but afterwards allowed her to go on parole.

**Queer Breach of Promise Case.**

Boston, Dec. 5.—A funny breach-of-promise suit has been pending for three days in the superior civil court, first session, and was ended this afternoon with a verdict for the fair plaintiff to the full amount of her claim. The woman in the case was Miss Hannah N. Coolidge, who averred that her heart had been lacerated to the extent of \$3,000 by Samuel N. Neat, a callow youth engaged in the trunk business. They met by chance and loved at sight, and for a twelvemonth their two hearts beat as one. Nothing of an impure nature seems to have occurred to mar their intercourse, but after a while the young man saw a locket on his innamorata's breast which excited his suspicion that there was another heart that yearned for his Annie. An iciness began, and young Neat became engaged to a Miss Eaton and married her. The love lorn lass attempted to swallow a bottle of laudanum, but was prevented, and accepted her mother's advice to sue the wretch for a breach of promise of marriage. The love-letters of the defendant, which were read in open court, were the sickest specimens of a lover's lunacy that could be well imagined. Still they contained nothing tending to show improprieties in the conduct of the lovers. The jury promptly gave the case to the young woman, and she is now again in the market.

**Ada Clifton, the Despondent Actress.**

[With Portrait.]

A sad life-history is condensed in the brief account which appeared a few days ago in the daily papers of the attempted suicide of Ada Clifton, who shot herself at a Thanksgiving ball at Robinson's Opera House, Cincinnati, because she had become despondent and weary of the eternal struggle for existence under the frown of the over righteous of the world. It is another case of one who fell by the wayside, wounded and despoiled, while the Pharisee and the worldly wise passed by on the other side with averted eyes. Is there no good Samaritan to respond to the call of such a she, or is the breed extinct, refined out of existence by the superior civilization of our boasted nineteenth century and modern progress? We pause for a reply, and we fancy we shall wait a lengthy period for a proper one. On another page of this issue we present a portrait of this unfortunate girl, whose case should appeal to every one possessed of the instincts of our common humanity.

**The Hayward Murder.**

[With Portraits of the Murderers.]

On another page we give portraits of Joseph Semino and Sam Woodruff, alias Logan, with several other aliases, who were arrested near Denver, Col., on Nov. 28, charged with the murder of J. N. Hayward, a rancher, living near Golden, a town some twelve miles from Denver, a few days previous, they having enticed him from his place on pretext of needing his services. The object of the crime appears to have been the possession of Hayward's mule team, which was carried off by the murderers. The latter were lodged in jail and narrowly escaped lynching.

**A Curiosity of Crime.**

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Dec. 7.—Alice Fuller, aged eighteen, daughter of Prof. Fuller, of Fairfield, Ill., died at a house of ill-fame here last night, suddenly, of quinsy. She was a beautiful and well-educated girl, who had assisted her father in teaching, and was engaged to marry a young man in Fairfield, the wedding day being set for yesterday. Last Monday, for some unexpected cause, she ran away from home, came here and entered a house of prostitution. She was immediately struck down with quinsy, however, and died without having committed the intended sin. The girl has wealthy and respected relatives here, and the mystery about her action is not cleared up.

**Favorites of the Footlights.**

[With Portraits.]

We present this week two noteworthy additions to our portrait gallery of favorites of the footlights in handsome likenesses of Miss Pauline Markham, the popular and widely famous artiste, who has by general approval been invested by right of her beauty and magnificent and statuesque form with the title of "Queen of the burlesque stage," and M'le Sherys of the Folies Bergeres, Paris, a lady who is scarcely less celebrated, both for personal attractions and talent, on the stage of her own country.

**An Infernal Crime.**

[With Portraits.]

On another page we reproduce authentic portraits of Miss Ella Martin, a handsome young girl of seventeen and of Hantz De Boer, a young blacksmith by whom she was outraged and most brutally murdered on Sunday, Oct. 19th last, a full account of which we gave at the time.



## A DOUBLE-DYED SNEAK.

He Wins the Love of an Innocent Girl, and Marries Her While Still Living With His Lawful Wife.

## DIFFICULT COURTING.

Studying Theology in Order to Carry Out the Deception, and Professing Piety to Accomplish His Designs.

## FROM HYMEN'S ALTAR TO SING SING.

John E. Cowan and Maria Monselle were on the 27th of October, 1866, at the Bedford Street Methodist Episcopal Church made man and wife by the Rev. S. D. Brown, pastor of the church. It was a love match, or at least was supposed to be so, and with reason, as Miss Monselle's parents objecting, she married Mr. Cowan without their consent. Years passed on, and the married life of the young couple for some reason did not run smoothly, though exactly where the fault lay it was difficult to tell. One child, a son, named after his father, John, was born to them. Well educated and with good abilities Cowan for several years earned a handsome salary in a prominent insurance company's office in New York. After leaving the company, however, Cowan had little or no certain or long-continued employment for some years. During this time his love for his wife also cooled almost completely, and though he lived with her there was little or no community of feeling between them. In 1877 Cowan obtained an engagement in the counting house department of the well known firm of McKesson & Robbins, wholesale druggists, in Fulton street, New York, where his skill as a penman and accuracy with figures soon gained the favor of his employers.

Just a few days after Cowan's engagement by McKesson & Robbins there came into the manufacturing department a pretty, pleasant-mannered and good-natured little girl named Lizzie Dent. She was of a good Brooklyn family, and was more than fairly well educated.

## FOR HER CONDITION IN LIFE.

She resided with her aunt, Mrs. Kelly, at No. 203 Sands street, Brooklyn, and came from there to her work in the drug store every morning, returning to her home at her aunt's at night. Very shortly after she went to the drug store Miss Dent met and was introduced to Mr. Cowan by another girl, who worked along with her there, and following upon this there sprang up a certain intimacy between them which, for the first four or five months, did not amount to anything. After that Mr. Cowan began to be more marked in his attentions to Miss Dent and to wait for her after the close of business to convey her across the water to Brooklyn. Clever and agreeable it was not long ere he made a more than favorable impression upon the young lady, and not only upon her, but upon her relatives, to whom in due course he was presented. Miss Dent, a prepossessing brunette, in telling her story, said:

"I did not think anything about him more than I would of any other gentleman to whom I might be introduced, nor indeed for six months after did I see much of him. After that we became more intimate. He was gentlemanly, kind and agreeable, and soon became a favorite, not only with myself, but with my relatives. He told us he was a stranger in Brooklyn, having come from Providence, R. I., to McKesson & Robbins, and that he had no friends in Brooklyn. His conduct was so exemplary and he apparently was so frank, open and candid, that it never occurred to us to doubt him or even attempt to find out about his family, who, as we became better acquainted, he said consisted of his mother and sister, who were living in Boston. His mother, he said, had for a time lived in Brooklyn, in DeKalb avenue, I think but she had such bad health that she was forced to give up house and go to Boston to his sisters. Of course I believed him, as I had no idea that he had any intention to deceive me, or that he was planning and

## SCHEMING TO MARRY ME.

"Months passed on and our acquaintance ripened into a warmer feeling—at least in saying that I speak for myself. The never-failing assiduity and affection with which he treated me won my heart, and when, eight months ago, he asked me if I would take the risk of life with him, I answered without hesitation in the affirmative. My aunt, for some reason I can't tell what, was—well, I can't say exactly—against my marrying him, but seemed to me to object to his age, which was thirty-two. My uncle, though, seemed to think that the difference in age was no obstacle. Indeed, both Mr. Kelly and Mr. Cowan had been out several times together to Coney Island and round about, and I'm sure uncle quite liked him. During our engagement, all through the summer months, Cowan accompanied me regularly home from work in the evening. Waiting here in broad daylight he would, perhaps twice or three times a week, remain for the evening, but always went away at 9:30 o'clock to, he said, his boarding house, which for part of the time was in Washington street, he led me to believe. After we were engaged my aunt proposed that it would be a good thing for me to see his mother, and jokingly suggested to Cowan that he should take me to see her. I, however, said that I did not care to travel so far, and Cowan, who had said nothing,

## ALLOWED THE MATTER TO DROP.

Often on Sundays, while we were engaged, he would come for me of an afternoon and take me out with him, and never did we meet with a single person who seemed to know him. Of course I had no suspicion; how could I? I believed everything he told me until too late. In August I took a holiday and went away out of the city for three weeks. On my return I did not go back to the store, but stayed at home getting ready for my marriage. We are Roman Catholics, and

fearing perhaps that my uncle and aunt would object to his marrying me if he were of a different religion, he told us that he, too, was a Roman Catholic, although his mother was a Protestant. His father, he said, had been a Catholic, and he had been brought up in that faith. Finding him to be thoroughly conversant not only with all the forms of the church but also with the liturgy, it never entered into my head to think that he was anything else. No more did it to the Rev. Father Woods, on whom, a week or so before we were married, he called to arrange about it. Father Wood examined him carefully, but so well was he posted that he not only answered all questions, but did so in such a thorough manner as to quite convince him. The Bishop, also, to whom he went afterward, was completely deceived. Since then we have found out he was a Protestant.

"Early in October we were married from uncle's house, uncle himself acting as one of his best men, and after the ceremony we went to board. He was kind and affectionate to me, and treated me well for the short time we were together.

"On Sunday, the 2nd of November, we were up stairs. It was in the afternoon, between 1 and 2 o'clock, in our room, when some one came and told him that two gentlemen were waiting to see him down stairs. He went down in his shirt-sleeves, and after staying for a few minutes came back again and put on his coat, saying he was

## GOING OUT WITH THE GENTLEMEN.

"You go to your aunt's," he said, just that way. I answered, 'No,' mind you, 'and be back at 5 o'clock.' 'All right,' he said, as he walked down stairs. When he didn't come home up to the hour for retiring I went to bed, thinking that something had perhaps gone wrong at the store and he had been detained. Also in the morning, when I found he had not been home all night. I fancied that he had stayed at the store all night, or perhaps taken a little too much and had been afraid to come home, but had gone to the store in the morning. Though dreaming of nothing wrong, I still felt anxious, and asked a gentleman friend if he would find out and let me know if anything was the matter. He went over to the store and was there informed of the arrest. It seems that all the while that he had been telling me that he had no friends in Brooklyn he was living with his wife, if I mistake not, in DeKalb avenue, a long way out certainly, and used to go home to her every evening after leaving my uncle's house. In September, though, he left her, telling her he was going away to look for work and refrained from writing to her. As soon as he left his wife he took board in Jay street and lived there. I suppose, in fact, I know, that his wife after a time became anxious about him and sent and made inquiries, or went herself and learned that he had been married to me. Of course the folks in the store knew nothing about his being a married man, or I'm sure.

## THEY'D HAVE PROTECTED ME.

(Whilst saying this the young lady sobbed hysterically.) "When his wife found out what he'd done she was very angry and went and got the warrant out against him on which he was arrested. When the case came to court she relented and refused to appear against him. Judge Semler, however, sent for me and on the 10th of November I prepared a charge of bigamy against him. My uncle and others who had been present at our marriage were there in the courtroom when the judge, after reading my marriage certificate to him, asked him if he was married to me. He said 'No!' and at first claimed that the whole thing was the result of jealousy on his wife's part, who had had him locked up because he'd left her for another. Two or three days after he was arrested he sent a note to uncle addressed 'Dear John,' asking uncle to come and see him, but uncle was too mad just then and didn't go near him until Thanksgiving, when he went to Raymond Street Jail and asked him: 'What have you got to say for yourself?' Cowan answered, 'You'll find out by-and-by.' Nor could uncle get him to say any more. Now they can't find his wife, who they say is living, as she doesn't want to appear against him. She sent me to try and get me not to appear. I wasn't in at the time she called, but my aunt told her that she thought he ought to be punished, and so do I. To think that he should have deceived me so skillfully all along, telling me the most atrocious lies all for the purpose, I suppose, of marrying me. All my love is gone, and if I dared I would hate him for the wrong he has done me and the worry and care he has made me go through. I have not been well since it happened, nor have I been able to do a single thing. I hope he'll be convicted.' This was said vehemently with clenched hand and sparkling eyes. 'What (to the reporter) is the penalty?' After receiving a reply she said more quietly, 'Well, at any rate he ought to be punished.'

At the district attorney's office Mr. Wernbery, who has charge of the case, said that it was one of the clearest and most outrageous that had

## EVER COME UNDER HIS NOTICE.

Cowan will be tried some time during the month and the charge will be pressed strongly against him. The first wife was keeping out of the way and so far they have not been able to serve her, but the evidence in hand was more than sufficient without. 'I really,' added the district attorney, 'feel for the girl, she is so good looking and appears so amiable.'

Judge Semler, before whom the case first came up and was instrumental in having it pressed, said that when he found that the first wife did not come forward to press the charge he sent for Miss Dent and got her to make a charge against the man, 'and,' remarked the gentleman, with a sly tremble of the eye, 'when I sent the papers over to the district attorney's office, I took especial pains to explain the case so that there might be no mistake.'

Cowan was found in a cell in Raymond Street Jail. He was in his shirt sleeves and was smoking a short clay pipe. Putting his head to the grating when called, he stared carelessly at the reporter and when asked if he cared to say anything about his case, said gruffly, 'Not a word, I don't want to see any reporters.' With that he puffed a mouthful of rank tobacco smoke through the grating into the reporter's

eyes and drew back. The whereabouts of the wife of the prisoner could not be discovered, but from a personal friend was obtained the particulars of her marriage and after-life with Cowan, which are given in the first part of this article.

## A Gambling Affray.

[With Illustrations and Portraits.]

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 30.—Henry Currey was fatally shot by John Williams at the entrance to the gambling house over the saloon on the southeast corner of Union street and Printers' alley at 9 o'clock last night. Williams went into the gambling house, tapped Currey on the shoulder and told him he wanted to see him outside. Currey at once got up from the table and followed Williams to the ante-room of the house. Here they had hot words, both talking more loudly as the quarrel progressed. Suddenly a shot was fired. Currey and Williams closed, and went scuffling down stairs into Printers' alley, where another shot was fired. A desperate struggle now ensued for the possession of the revolver in the hands of Williams. This continued until they had reached Union street; a distance of thirty or forty feet, when Williams cried out for some one to take the pistol. Mr. Lewis Eastman happened to be passing along the street at the time, and seeing that both were endeavoring to secure the weapon, seized it and separated Williams and Currey. At this time Currey was about to wrest the weapon from Williams' hand. Currey then walked into Norvell's cigar stand, and said: 'I am badly shot and don't think I can live,' laid down on the floor and asked for a pillow for his head, which a friend provided by pulling off his overcoat and

## USING IT FOR THAT PURPOSE.

The origin of the affray dates back to the night of the 2d of October, at which time a ball was given at a house of ill-fame on North College street. Williams and Abbie Bell had an altercation, and the police were called into the house. While the officers were quelling the row Pearl Wilson, a friend of Currey's, ran up to Policeman Sam Fields and stabbed him in the hip. Fields, thinking a young man near by had cut him, struck him over the head with his mace. Pearl Wilson, however, was arrested on the charge of having committed the deed, and Williams put up a diamond ring for her appearance before Judge Duling. But, instead of appearing, she left the city. She was fined \$50, and the ring was held as security for payment.

To reimburse himself Williams had a sewing machine and Pearl Wilson's wardrobe attached. It turned out, however, that she had not paid for the machine, and that the sewing machine company held a prior lien upon it. Pearl returned recently, and Williams determined to secure his ring. He reported the fact of her return, and a mittimus was, at his instance, issued yesterday, and she was placed in the workhouse. Currey obtained her release on the payment of \$10. In commenting upon Williams' action Currey said Williams had done a mean trick, that he should not run a gambling house any longer, and that if he would go outside the corporate limits

## HE WOULD WHIP HIM.

Currey was told that it would be a poor way to revenge himself by breaking up Williams' establishment, and it was suggested that if he had any ill-feeling against Williams he ought to see him personally and have the matter out. Currey replied that he could not afford to have a personal altercation with Williams in the city, that if he did so it would cost him from \$50 to \$100, and he had no money to pay for that purpose, that he had been in a good deal of trouble already, and was now on his good behavior. So he concluded to let the matter drop. It appears that some one informed Williams of what Currey had said. Greatly enraged Williams armed himself and went in search of Currey. It is said that Currey did not expect to have an altercation with Williams, as, when looking for a fight, he usually went well prepared for it. They did not meet until Williams called him out, as above stated.

The shot entered Currey's abdomen above and to the right of the navel. His chances of life and death are said to be about evenly divided.

## Bonanza King Mackay.

[With Portrait.]

Not long since there appeared in our columns the presentment, from one side, of the case of Mrs. Amelia H. Smallman, of San Francisco, Cal., against Mr. John W. Mackay, one of the well-known Bonanza Kings of the Pacific Slope. In that it appeared that Mrs. Smallman, who had been confessedly the mistress of Mackay, although living with her husband at the time, had attempted to blackmail the San Francisco Croesus, and public opinion seemed to be against both the fair accuser and her husband as a pair of frauds. Recently, however, interest has been revived in the matter through a lengthy statement from Mrs. Smallman in the jail where she is imprisoned, setting forth her side of the case, which appears in the columns of the *Golden Era* of San Francisco, and which, apparently has turned the tide of public opinion strongly in her favor. The subject matter has been so extensively republished in our eastern journals that it is unnecessary to reproduce it at this time and we only recall the facts of the case as introductory to the portrait of Mr. Mackay which is presented on another page.

## Assignee Vocke's Exculpation.

[With Portrait.]

William Vocke, the member of the Board of Education and ex-assignee of the Germania Insurance Company of Chicago, an account of whose arrest on the charge of defrauding the creditors of the company in the latter part of the preceding month was detailed at the time, was cleared on the 1st inst. after a brief hearing of the case before Justice Hudson, in that city. A portrait of the exculpated prisoner appears on another page.

## A STRANGE PHASE OF CRIME.

The Female Accomplice and Paramour of Cardinelli, the Celebrated Italian Circus Rider and Murderer of Captain Fadda, Meets with a Universal Ovation on Her Return to the Ring and Spangles.

The assassination of Captain Fadda, of the Italian army, by his wife's paramour, the celebrated circus rider, Cardinelli, has been fully detailed in our columns. A Roman correspondent gives the following particulars of a curious episode in this remarkable crime. The story as published makes a great volume, as far as a "pet doe," but of the most absorbing interest. The testimony reveals the most astonishing condition of social laxity as to morals and the like. If the respectable witnesses are to be believed, and the judge and jury seem to have believed them, such a thing as chastity is unknown in any rank or set in Italian society. The odious personal vices described in the Latin poets pervade the army, the schools, and above all the convents. Boy nor girl cannot emerge from these establishments without the pollution of radical corruption. The liberal press comments with profound distress upon the state of morals in the provinces as well as in Rome and the larger cities, laid bare by the Fadda process. The church journals deny vigorously the culpability of the respectable directors of the religious establishments; a denial in no sense needed, nor disputed, since it is against the system only that the liberals allege the responsibility of the shameful vices which effeminate or emasculate the men and

## BRUTALIZE AND DEBAUCH THE WOMEN.

The world at large, however, rather enjoys the Fadda disclosures—that is the Roman world, which is as gay, lascivious and devil-may-care now as it was in the most riotous excesses of the Borgias. In proof of this the Teatro Nazionale, where a circus performance is generally given in the winter, "La Carrozza," one of the riding women that I alluded to as sharing with Captain Fadda's wife the person of the Lothario Cardinelli, has been engaged for an indefinite series of performances at an enormous salary. La Carrozza was only ten days ago on trial for her life as accessory, if not *particeps criminis*, in the captain's murder. The testimony was somewhat oblique as to her conduct, but people have been hanged on much frailer evidence. The jury hesitated a long time, it seems, whether to bring her in with Cardinelli and the captain's wife as guilty, but giving her the benefit of a very faint doubt, they acquitted. The whole Roman world believes her guilty. When, therefore, her name was set forth a few days ago as about to appear at the Teatro Nazionale, the whole house was sold within a half hour of the opening of the box office. Not only that, but it was sold for a week. Of course, you will take it for granted that the crowds making up this audience were ignorant and the criminal classes! You are far from the fact. The most aristocratic equipages in the Eternal City were seen before the gloomy, prison-like walls of this less even than third-rate theatre, and the best-born personages in Rome secured places where they could get them, to see the strumpet who had shared with her betters the handsome person of

## THE AMBASSADOR CARDINELLI.

Never in the annals of the Roman theatre has such eagerness been known. It is asserted on the streets that even princes of the royal house were present. Great personages of the government were not ashamed to appear openly. In the balcony and boxes senators and deputies were present in force—even judges of the higher courts! The manager was in terror. The streets were filled with the most sinister rumors. It was asserted that La Carrozza would be seized by the indignant public and torn to pieces. Repenting of his bargain, and terrified beyond measure, the manager issued a card to the public beseeching fair play. His rider, he declared, had been acquitted by a jury of her equals, and the public could not justly seek to go behind the decision of the tribunals, rendered after one of the most searching criminal trials ever known in Italy. In spite of this soothing appeal, however, everybody expected trouble, and to the consternation of the circus people the police authorities refused to intervene, until some overt act should authorize their presence. The audience itself learning this, soon after the doors were opened there was the liveliest terror in and off the scenes. The more timid sought to escape, but those within could not get out, the crowd outside being so great that access even to the street near the theatre was impossible a few minutes after the opening of the doors. When it came the turn for La Carrozza the

## SENSATION WAS ABSOLUTELY PAINFUL.

The woman herself was fainting with terror, and in order to support her, in order, indeed, to keep her on her feet, the act was made a double one—that is, two horses, with a quasi to manipulate the reins. Even the woman could barely keep her feet. As for riding, she was so paralyzed that that part of the performance was a farce. But the audience, to its own surprise, received the wretched creature with uproars of applause. Not a single hiss was heard. She regained some confidence as the evening wore on, but she could be seen to tremble like an aspen as her strong-limbed companion helped her through the hoops and over the banners above. The success of the exhibition is assured. The seats are still in demand, and the public informed that they can secure nothing under three weeks ahead! The woman who was heretofore paid about \$5 a week, and well satisfied with that, now gets \$100 a night and shares after a certain sum, and is engaged for three years! So that it is absolutely true that crime is a paying make-shift in Italy at all events. Of beauty the woman hasn't a particle to boast. She has the dark eyes and olive complexion of the southern Italians, but is neither shapely nor graceful. Her interest for feminine Rome is simply curiosity to see one of the women who could hold the erratic affections of such an Adonis as Cardinelli. The interest of the men it would be difficult to define if it were more than mere curiosity.]



**A Miss-Calculation.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

In Troy, N. Y., last week one James Riley committed an assault upon Miss Louisa Funk. The lady had her assailant arrested and held her wrath in abeyance in expectation of his due punishment at the hands of justice. Through some technicality, however, the case against him failed, and after an examination he was discharged. Then the anger of Miss Funk was kindled and she determined to avail herself of the dernier resort which she appears to have provided against, and to take the administration of the law into her own hands. As Riley was about to leave the court-room therefore she sprang toward him with the vigor and vim of a tigress, exclaiming through her set teeth: "You shall die by my hand." Her will was good enough but the prediction proved a miscalculation, for that time at least, as the cartridge failed to explode and the lucky Riley went scot free for the second time in the same day.

**Romance in Real Life.**

Norwalk, Conn., folks have a pathetic little romance to talk of. Henry Workman and Ida Richards were betrothed lovers. Young Workman had a father and a step mother. His mother died in his infancy, and no sentiment was wasted in rearing the lad. The step mother vowed it as her unalterable determination not to "put up with any such nonsense," and the elder Mr. Workman avowed it as his unalterable determination not to "put up" with anything which Mrs. Workman couldn't "put up" with. In short, young Workman was confronted with the alternative of choosing between his betrothed on the one hand and the solicitous affection of his step-mother and the shelter of his

father's roof on the other. It is not to be supposed that the choice was a difficult one to make. He gathered up his effects, and, carpet-bag in hand, set out, as many another love-lorn youth has done before him, to seek his fortune and win a home for his bride. He obtained employment in a distant town, and for a

time all went well, and prosperity seemed to smile upon him. One day news came to this girl that her lover had met with a sad accident. He had been caught in the machinery about which he was employed and mangled terribly. She hastened to his bedside, and found the wreck of a strong man. She

dered in this room. About twenty years ago the house was burned, and last week Samuel Thomas, in cleaning out a ditch near where the house stood, came to a bank of shells, and in them he found a human skeleton in a good state of preservation.

nursed him with all the care and tirelessness, but he died. The elder Workman was informed of his son's death, and was asked if the body was to be brought home and buried in the family lot. He is said to have replied that if his son's remains were in a thousand places not one of these pieces should ever be brought within his doors. When he cast out his son he cast him out utterly and forever. Ida Richards was a working girl, and a provident one. She had saved a little money, and with it she purchased a lot in Pine Island cemetery, and there she buried the body. She stood by as they covered the grave, and they were obliged to leave her there, for she said she wanted to watch the place alone. Pine Island cemetery is a dreary spot at best. It is not a fashionable burial-ground now, and has been allowed to fall into decay. In this ghostly spot the girl threw herself upon the grave. The sun was low down in the west when they left her there, and after nightfall, when her friends went to remove her, they found her dead.

Centerville, Md., Citizen says:

"In Town Point, Dorchester county, there stood for years a haunted house; a spacious brick dwelling built in colonial times. It was said that many dark deeds were enacted beneath its roof. One room showed on the floor blood stains that would not rub out. Rumor said that a peddler had been seen to approach the house but never to leave, and the inference was that he was murdered in this room. About twenty years ago the house was burned, and last week Samuel Thomas, in cleaning out a ditch near where the house stood, came to a bank of shells, and in them he found a human skeleton in a good state of preservation."



MISS LOUISA FUNK, ENRAGED AT THE ACQUITTAL OF JAMES RILEY FOR AN ASSAULT ON HER, ATTEMPTS HIS LIFE AS HE IS LEAVING THE COURT, BUT TRIPS IN HER CALCULATIONS; TROY, N. Y.



A RUM-CRAZED DEMON'S DEED—W. W. BEASLEY UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF A DRUNKEN WHIM SEIZES MRS. HEBERT, THE MISTRESS OF HIS BOARDING HOUSE, AND HURLS HER FROM A THIRD STORY GALLERY WITH FATAL EFFECT; NEW ORLEANS, LA.—SEE PAGE 10.



THE THIRD AVENUE SMOKING CAR SENSATION—PUGILISTIC DISCUSSION OF THE QUESTION BETWEEN MR. EDWARD B. HENRIQUES AND MISS FERGUSON ON A THIRD AVENUE CAR; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 2.



## A BLIGHTED BRIDAL.

## Woeful Ending of a Beautiful Baltimore Belle's Dream of Wedded Felicity.

A beautiful and highly-connected young girl, who contracted an unpropitious marriage, has recently returned to her home in Dorchester county, after an eventful tour around the world and a temporary residence abroad of several years. Her story is very sad, and filled with eventful incidents. She spent a few days in Baltimore this week, visiting her relatives and friends, who are among the best families of Baltimore, but went home last night by the steamer Georgiana.

She is a native of Dorchester county, highly educated and accomplished. Her musical education was acquired partly in Europe. Some six years ago an adventurer went to Dorchester county to teach music. He was a man of fine appearance, good address, great versatility of talent, and of good conversational powers. He therefore succeeded in getting pupils among the best and most conservative families. Among them was the subject of this sketch. An intimacy sprang up between tutor and pupil, and the family of the unfortunate girl tried every method of persuasion to prevent it, but

## THE TIE WAS TOO STRONG.

The girl loved the professor tenderly and devotedly, and a separation could not be effected without breaking her heart.

The marriage ceremony was performed amid many misgivings of the girl's mother. The bride was only sixteen years old, and her troubles began before the honeymoon was over. Her husband soon undeceived her as to his identity, and told her he bore a different name from that under which they were joined, and that his true name was a matter of no consequence either to her or himself. For the present they would go by the name of Buck. His business was precarious and changeable. Music was a passion or an accomplishment with him, not a profession.

In spite of these startling revelations the bride clung to her husband, and they went to New York to live. Here he got money by robbery, forgery and all kinds of rascality, and beat hotel-keepers and others out of their just dues. The couple would frequently change quarters and start under a new name, the poor wife being constantly bewildered as to what to call herself.

After a few months' residence in New York they started on a tour of the world, and lived a short time in various European cities. They finally turned up in New South Wales. The husband having murdered a woman in cold blood, that was thought a good place to escape justice; but the villain was arrested, put in prison, and

## PROPERLY DEALT WITH.

The young wife was now thousands of miles from her dear old home among the verdant fields and forest of Maryland. No old and tried friend was near to guard and advise her. The fruits of the marriage were a broken heart and deep mystery and embarrassment. A beautiful boy was born, which was the only trophy of the happy days of her profound love and devotion. She does not to this day know his real name, since his father has sailed under so many aliases. The wife being highly educated and accomplished, she taught music, etc., in Australia, and got on very well, and made many friends.

Mr. Nevitt Steele and Archibald Stirling, and other citizens of Baltimore, hearing of her circumstances, sent her means to come to her home in Dorchester county, where she arrived recently, and she did not fail to visit them during her trip to Baltimore to express her gratefulness for their kind-hearted generosity.

She is now but little over twenty years old, and, notwithstanding her many hardships and worry of mind, much of her original beauty and cheerfulness remain. Providence has been good to her, and it is believed she will greatly improve in spirits now that she is among the early associations of her childhood and friendship.

She has obtained a divorce from her husband, and goes by her maiden name.

## A Burglarious Crew Copped.

CHICAGO, Dec. 2.—An important capture of burglars was made this morning by the police, after shadowing a room on Washington street, where it was believed they had a place of rendezvous. During the night three men were seen to go into the room, and at six o'clock this morning the officers captured the gang, which is composed of some of



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MILLE SHERYS, OF THE FOLIES BERGERS, PARIS.—SEE PAGE 2.

the most expert and successful cracksmen in the west. A satchel containing one of the finest of burglars' outfits was found in the room hid under the bed. The outfit consisted of a fine rope ladder, a strong sliding-rope, grippers to catch on window sills and projections, to aid the burglar in lifting himself, a quantity of blasting-powder, blasting caps and fuses, four Smith & Wesson improved revolvers, jimmy, case-knife, and other novel as well as effective tools. Upon a further search

of the premises more burglars' tools were found, including drills, revolvers, and a heavy satchel full of dynamite. The total value of the plunder found is said to be \$500 or \$600, and it is also said that the conviction of the gang for several recent burglaries is almost assured.

## A Defaulter's Voluntary Surrender.

At Lancaster, Ohio, scarcely less than the excitement occasioned seven years ago by the defalcation and flight of Thornton T. Baker, deputy to his father, Jacob Baker, treasurer of Fairfield county, was that produced by his sudden return and delivery of himself recently to Sheriff Lee.

Eight or nine years ago Jacob Baker, a staunch old democrat, a wealthy farmer and an honorable man, although intellectually incompetent for the office, was elected county treasurer. He appointed Thornton his deputy, who assumed entire control of the office as far as knowledge of its affairs went, and soon, ingratiating himself in the favor of what has since been termed the court-house ring, became the chief operator in a gigantic steal, which, when exposed, was found to have reached over \$80,000.

Upon discovery Thornton disappeared, and his whereabouts have since been unknown, except, perhaps, to his family; although, as he says, in the meantime a number of acquaintances have seen and been by him without mutual recognition. His father was arrested and indicted, though never brought to trial, but compromised with the commissioners for \$17,000. Examination of the county records by ex-Auditor of State Goodman, of Columbus, disclosed the guilt of others of the ring, who were induced to disgorge to the extent of their ability, though criminal action was never brought against any of them, and possibly one-third of the loss has thus been returned to the county. Whether the rest was carried away by Thornton, or will ever be accounted for, remains to be learned. Strange to say, action against the treasurer's bondsmen was never taken.

For five years a reward of \$1,000 for his arrest and conviction hung over Thornton's head, but was withdrawn by the commissioners, since which time Jacob has been untiring in his efforts to secure his son's safe return through popular petitions to the courts, but has failed. He now lies at the point of death, hurried to that condition by his son's disgrace, and this, it is believed, induced Thornton to return and take his chances for legal clemency. The Common Pleas convening, he is thought to have timed his return to meet the Grand Jury, before which he appeared, having been in Lancaster but ten hours. He was placed under \$3,000 bail, with his uncle, Samuel, and Daniel Baker and Andrew Cherry as bondsmen, and given his liberty.

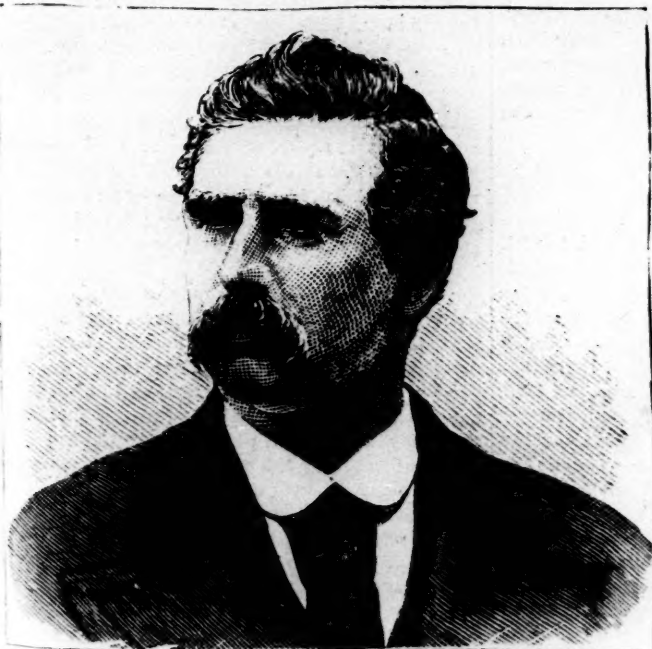
The meeting with his dying father and family, consisting of wife and three daughters, who have grown from babyhood into interesting girlhood, must have been sad, and though the crime against his confiding parent was an aggravated one, the seven years' exile from all that should be dear to a man seems to have atoned in part, at least, to the law for his offense.

## Has Frisky Lotta a Husband?

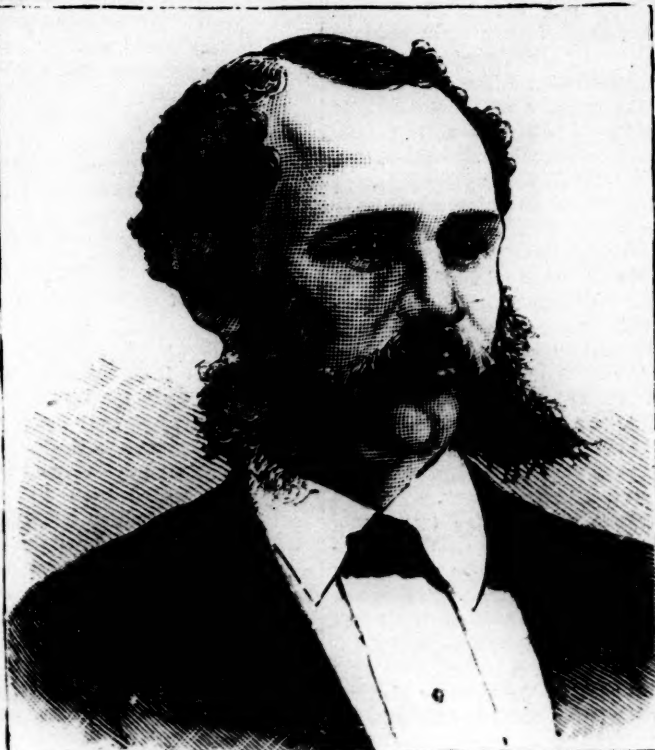
SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 4.—The question is raised whether Lotta, the actress, is a maid or matron. Erhard Zopf, a 'longshoreman, through his lawyer, has made a demand on her lawyer for \$4,000, alleged by Zopf to have been squandered by her in the days of her early marriage. Lotta's lawyer responded by terming the man a blackmailer, but added in the postscript that his immediate demands could be met by his calling on her brother. Zopf claims to be thirty-eight years of age, a native of Cincinnati, and alleges that he married Lotta in this city in July, 1872, and that they have three children, Etard, Lotta and John. He says he wants money to support the children, and that he has received "Zopf" assistance from her lawyer before. He is strongly built, about five feet seven inches high and appears to be a man of some education. He cites numerous incidents in the life of Lotta and her family. Her friends here utterly repudiate and denounce his stories as false in every particular.

## Long Chase of an Erring Wife.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., Dec. 4.—Adelbert Billings of Spencerville, near Rochester, N. Y., arrested his wife here yesterday with a traveling Missouri horse dealer named William Hinton, with whom she had eloped November 4. Billings traveled 1,300 miles after his erring spouse. Hinton was admitted to \$600 bail. Mrs. Billings is in jail, unable to furnish \$700 bail.



JOHN W. MACKAY, ACCUSED BY MRS. SMALLMAN OF HAVING HER UNJUSTLY IMPRISONED BECAUSE SHE WOULD NOT BECOME HIS MISTRESS; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



WILLIAM VOCKE, CHARGED WITH DEFRAUDING THE GERMANIA INSURANCE COMPANY; ACQUITTED OF THE CHARGE; CHICAGO, ILL.



ADA CLIFTON, ACTRESS: ATTEMPTS SUICIDE IN GREEN-ROOM OF ROBINSON OPERA HOUSE, CINCINNATI, O., OWING TO FAILURE TO OBTAIN AN ENGAGEMENT.



## TWO OF A KIND.

Mr. Sippel Makes the Acquaintance of Two Charmers in a Restaurant, and Becomes One of Many Sons-in-Law.

## A PRETTY FRENCH TUTOR

Who is an Adept in Matrimony as Well as in Languages, and of Whom Philadelphians Must Beware.

## CREAM, MUSIC, AND SMUGGLING.

One afternoon in June or July, 1873, Mr. August Sippel, dining in a down-town restaurant, first beheld Madame Marie Fertsch and her charming daughter, Corinne-Marie. It was a little beyond the usual limit of the dinner hour, and the waiters were tidying up against supper time. Only a few tables on the ladies' side remained for the accommodation of a chance late diner like Mr. Sippel, and at one of these he was seated when—enter two ladies. One was tall and one was young, while both were of a style of face and figure which never fails to cause young men and very old men to make fools of themselves. The elder might have been thirty-six, the younger eighteen or nineteen; but although the elder spoke of the younger as her daughter, there was nothing in the two faces to indicate that close relationship. The matron possessed a stately, Junoesque form, an overpoweringly magnificent contour of shoulders and bust, with a waist beneath so small as to be palpably out of all proportion. Her hair was black and crisp and shining; she had a largish, slightly retroused nose, a moderate set of teeth, among which there was a sprinkling of dentists' gold, a firm mouth and a somewhat massive chin.

Her daughter was a gentle-looking, soft, velvety-skinned creature that one longed to touch and stroke like a kitten. She blushed as she followed her mamma and took the seat indicated by that shrewd woman. She had light brown hair, eyes that might have been dark gray or dark blue, very rich-colored raspberry lips, a Grecian nose, very long eye-lashes, a lovely budding form, and

## A PRETTY HAND AND ARM.

Albeit there was more than one table at liberty, and although the waiters made haste to be obsequiously attentive to so much loveliness, Mr. Sippel asserts that Madame Fertsch and her daughter seated themselves at that where he was engaged in the act of feeding. With desperate recklessness of expense Mr. Sippel ordered "strawberries and cream," whilst the matron made known her wishes to a waiter. On how slight a point the beginning of an acquaintance hinges! In the present case the provocation took the form of a real or imaginary deficiency in the supply of cream. "They don't give you much cream, sir," said Madame to August, who made haste to assume his best style to acquaint the ladies of the fact that he was what might be termed an expert on the ice cream question. As Mr. A. A. Hummel expressed it: "They got talking and the young fellow told them all about himself, while the madame was equally liberal with her confidence." It may fairly be premised therefore that August informed the ladies that he was raised on an extensive farm between Paterson and Glens Falls; that he received his education in Poughkeepsie and New York City; that he was an accomplished pianist, and that he was then five and twenty and had a few pupils in the city, on the fees of whom, of course, he did not depend for subsistence. It was a curious coincidence—that Madame Fertsch was anxious to secure the services of an accomplished pianist to teach her daughter, but she described herself as too poor to pay for the instruction. Corinne-Marie was "an accomplished French scholar and would exchange her French for music."

## ALWAYS IN THE PRESENCE OF HER MOTHER.

The upshot of the singular meeting was that Mr. Sippel invited Madame Fertsch and daughter to step into a car and accompany him to a place of entertainment in Eighth avenue that he knew of where a piano was at his service. Nothing loth, the ladies accompanied him. He conducted them to the house, attacked the unoffending instrument with vigor, and plunged his audience into a fathomless ocean of rapture. Madame Fertsch and Corinne-Marie occupied the third floor, back parlor, of an East Fourteenth street boarding house, and when Professor Sippel appeared there, according to agreement, the fact became obvious that there was no piano. He took his initiatory French lesson notwithstanding, and agreed an instrument on hire.

Henceforth the lessons progressed like a prairie fire. Madame Fertsch did not always insist on imposing her wet-blanket presence on the lessons, and thus before he was aware of it poor Professor Sippel was pierced through the midriff and paralyzed by the wicked archer, Don Cupid's shaft. Under these circumstances Madame Fertsch proved herself equal to the occasion. The matron throws herself disconsolate into an easy chair, and while agreeing to accept the unexpected consequences, unburies her mind to the effect that she doesn't believe in long courtship. "You are both in love; why wait? Be married and get it over, then you will be able to work," seems to have been this sagacious woman's philosophy. Accordingly the pair were married in the boarding house one evening after a five weeks' acquaintance, and the landlady killed the fatted turkey and provided a sumptuous wedding entertainment

## AT HER OWN EXPENSE.

A few days after the Professor took his bride up to the farm, and received with the parental benediction \$250 wherewith to furnish a house. It is only necessary to add in this connection that when August and Corinne-Marie returned from their bridal tour Madame Fertsch constituted herself custodian of the balance of that money, and announced that in the

future she would act as treasurer of the new firm. Soon after they furnished four rooms near the intersection of Sixth avenue and Broadway, and for some time henceforth Mme. Fertsch was known and recognized among men, from motives of policy, as Madame Sippel, August and Corinne-Marie being supposed to be her son and daughter. Two years passed in this way, August giving lessons in music, while his wife went abroad teaching French. Madame "Sippel" the elder was housekeeper, and her management of domestic affairs is said to have been most frugal. The young man saw but little of his wife, except on Sundays, and he is fain to say that he did not find her the angelic being he had anticipated. When he complained of Corinne-Marie's coldness to his mother-in-law the latter promptly reminded him that the young lady had "been in love once or twice" before she met him. During the summer of 1875 Madame Sippel the elder was engaged in incubating a commercial enterprise, and in October of that year it took shape by the trio sailing to Europe in one of the Hamburg steamers. Arrived at their destination they proceeded to Mechlin, with which city the two ladies seemed to be well acquainted. During their sojourn at the great lace emporium of Belgium August was left a good deal alone, and as he wandered around the streets killing time he sometimes saw madame and his wife, or the latter alone, seated in a carriage beside

## "A SPORTING GENT."

Not unnaturally he became jealous, but, as he found to his cost, remonstrance and complaint were useless. His mother-in-law effectually snubbed him on penalty of immediate dismissal. Poor blue-eyed, sandy-haired August spoke no French, and his mother-in-law, like Judas, carried the bag. So he was forced to submit.

Before leaving Mechlin the young man assisted the two ladies in an important operation. Madame had been purchasing fine lace, and now it was to be stowed away so to escape the vigilant eyes of the American civil service officers. We have already stated that madame's waist was remarkably small for a woman with her conspicuous bulk of shoulder and hip. It measured, in fact, when perfectly corsetted, thirteen inches. Around this remarkable waist Corinne-Marie wound 300 yards of fine Mechlin lace next the skin. A corset for the purpose was now adjusted. A silk dress also constructed for the purpose was assumed, and madame looked a perfectly formed, perfectly-proportioned woman. For so large a woman madame also possesses a remarkably small ankle, with a phenomenal extent of expanding muscle above it. She took advantage of this structure to spoil the exquisite proportions. She wound fifty yards of lace round each ankle so artistically that her leg looked like the round, substantial

## LEG OF AN ORDINARY WOMAN.

Corinne-Marie's waist was equal to the effectual concealment of 200 yards, but her ankles were unavailable. Other quantities of lace were concealed in other portions of their attire, so that when they landed in New York, in January or February, 1876, they brought about 1,000 yards to this happy and fortunate country without being suspected.

During the voyage to New York from Liverpool they made the intimate acquaintance of a fellow-voyager, Herman Rueterholtz by name. This gentleman had been down in the Zulu country and around the Cape of Good Hope, trafficking in diamonds. He had about a pint of the precious stones. The problem was, madame represented, to get them ashore. She pictured the errors of the Custom House in a way that made the Dutchman's hair stand on end. He had imparted his secret to the shrewd matron. Before the steamer passed the Narrows he had become assured of her warm and disinterested friendship, and he had entrusted his diamonds—all but those he carried ashore in his mouth—to her care. The stones were gotten ashore in safety, and the party celebrated their triumph in the St. Nicholas Hotel over half a basket of wine.

Before a couple of days had elapsed it became evident to the young couple that madame and the diamond "importer" had fallen into love's sweet captivity—so much so that it is alleged they visited His Honor, the then Mayor, and

## HAD THE KNOT TIED.

Afterwards the four went housekeeping together on Eighth avenue, near Fifty-eighth street. Poor August was now without occupation, and was energetically admonished by his wife and mother-in-law to "go to work." He tried to get pupils but failed. He became first a sewing machine agent; then a book peddler; next he wrestled with wringing and ironing machines; then shunted off to prize-candy; failing in the sweetmeats he scoured the country with Colorado gold pens, five for two cents, and patent graphite pencils—all of which was disastrously unremunerative. Afterwards he got the "height and weight" agency of a Rockaway boat, and his form became familiar to the passengers as he invited them to "Step into the rear saloon, ladies and gentlemen."

He might have borne all these trials, difficulties and chronic impotency with something akin to resignation if he had received any sympathy or encouragement from Corinne-Marie and his mother-in-law. But they were as cold and chilling as the heath of hyperborean blasts. The only one who pitied him was his step-father-in-law, the diamond merchant, who was now quietly unloading his stock under the direction of his wife so as

## NOT TO "DEAR" THE MARKET.

As for Corinne-Marie, she was teaching two young lawyers French, and had become so much aggrandized and blown out with pride that she scorned all August's approaches. Sometimes the pupils—one at a time—took a trip with Corinne-Marie to the beach and dined, but never by any chance patronized August's boat.

Towards the latter part of the summer Herman Rueterholtz received a letter which had the effect of altering his plans, and as August was banished from his wife's presence and scowled at by the mother-in-law, the diamond "importer" confided to him the subject-matter of the communication, together with

a fifty dollar note. Mr. Rueterholtz informed his step-son-in-law that it would be inconvenient to remain longer the putative husband of Madame "Sippel," otherwise Fertsch. Soon after Mr. Rueterholtz was seen no more in madame's dwelling, and yet that exemplary lady complained not thereof, but if August is to be credited, actually hinted that if the "correct height and weight" young man would pursue a similar policy of making himself scarce his act would be appreciated. "But Corinne is my wife," said the young man, remonstratingly. "You dull-brained ass," said the gentle matron, "Can't you see that she is tired and disgusted with you?" He did not return to the house for a week. When he next climbed up to madame's rooms the matron and her daughter had vanished. There was no letter, no message. He was alone and wifeless on the wide world.

In November of 1876 he proceeded to Monroe county in this state for the purpose of selling a patented article. He made some money in the business, and he has consequently been "on the road" ever since, traveling as far as Buffalo and Cleveland, O. Two years passed and he saw nor heard nothing of his wife and mother-in-law. Meantime he had again received a fatal wound from the baby-archer's dart. She was a violet of the Genesee Valley, but although he loved her to distraction and had reason to believe that his love was reciprocated,

## HE DARED NOT TO MARRY HER.

Knights of the road are remarkable for their social ability. August met a brother drummer in the cigar and California wine line who favored him with his confidence. This young man had once been worth ten thousand dollars; but in evil hour in Philadelphia he met Madame Latour and her daughter, Corinne-Marie. August widened the portals of his eyes and tightened the drum of his ear. The acquaintance had ripened; he had fallen in love; he had been arrested; he had paid over the whole of his savings. He had since heard of others who had been treated the same way. The two women, he had reason to believe, were not mother and daughter. On comparing notes there was no doubt of the identity of the ladies with August's reputed wife and mother-in-law.

Three months since the two "drummers" visited Philadelphia and found madame and her daughter living together in the old housekeeping style. They did not visit the ladies, but they were sufficiently near to mark that none of their natural charms were abated and that Corinne-Marie was as kitten-like and fascinating as ever. These particulars August poured into Mr. Hummel's sagacious ear. The question was: What, under the circumstances, ought he, August Sippel, to do so that he could legally make the flower of the Genesee Valley his wedded wife? The lawyer told him to act as if madame and Corinne-Marie had never existed, and with that counsel the young man departed, cheered, corroborated and consoled.

## Will Die Game.

LEBANON, Pa., Dec. 2.—Henry F. Wise, one of the Raber murderers, and who turned "squealer" on his confederates, was sentenced to death to-day by Judge Henderson. It will be remembered that Wise was not sentenced with the original gang, he being kept back as a witness against George Zechman, one of the conspirators, who was granted a new trial and acquitted, notwithstanding the fact that on the first trial he was found guilty of murder in the first degree. Wise entered the court-room in charge of the sheriff, and was dressed in a suit of dark clothing, looking finely. When called before the judge and asked if he had anything to say, he replied:

"I do not think that any statement from me as to my innocence would influence your Honor."

He then asked for a Bible, which being handed to him he requested of the judge to be allowed to say something of the witnesses who testified against him. This was not permitted. He then pulled out a large roll of manuscript from his pocket and began with:

"I wish to show that Christ was condemned without spot or blemish, and it is much easier to condemn a sinful man—" Here he was stopped by the judge, who thought they had heard enough of that kind of stuff.

The judge then passed the usual sentence of death. Wise looked the judge steadily in the face while being sentenced. He does not take kindly to the fact that the jury in the Zechman trial did not believe his testimony, and after the sentence he said:

"I will go to the gallows brave, and when the rope is around my neck I will have plenty to say, and I will tell the truth, as I told it in the Zechman trial." Wise is thirty-five years of age and the father of seven children. He is the only one of the original six concerned in the murder who had not been sentenced. It is thought that, after Brandt and Hummel's case has been tried in the Supreme Court, a day will be named by the Governor, so that the three men can enjoy their necktie social together.

## A Brave Boy's Shot.

At Crestline, Ohio, an attempt was made on the 8th to burglarize the boot and shoe store of George & Peter Foltz by three tramps. Henry Foltz, a lad about seventeen years old, who was sleeping in the store, was awakened by the barking of a small dog in the store. Young Foltz armed himself with an old horse-pistol loaded with buckshot, and without striking a light made an examination. He found one man endeavoring to force the front door. Another was boring a panel out of the back door, while the third stood guard. The upper half of the back door being glass Foltz saw the man on his knees boring at the panel, which already had sixteen holes through it. Placing the pistol against the glass, glancing downward, he fired and killed the burglar instantly. The other two ran, and have not since been heard from. Nothing was found on the dead man to identify him. Foltz did not know he had hit this man until 4 o'clock, when some passers-by discovered the body.

## WILD AND WEIRD.

Blood-Curdling Story of an Indiana Ghost Which Slowly Faded Away When a Stone was Thrown Through it.

The unusually quiet and religious neighborhood near the Mount Pleasant and Union churches, some four miles south of Greensburg, Ind., is in a terrible state of excitement over the visitations of an alleged ghost. Her ghostship—it is that kind of a ghost—was first seen by Roe Elder on the morning of the 21st ult. His tale of the spiritual sight was, in substance, as follows: On that morning he arose about 4 o'clock for the purpose of getting an early start to help a neighbor gather corn. He left his residence and to look up his position on the rail fence near the Union school house, awaiting the coming of Charlie and Willie Martin, who were to go with him. He was sitting there whistling, when suddenly he saw what he supposed was a woman appear some few feet before him and walk toward him. He thought it was some lady of the neighborhood, and accordingly said "good morning;" but she said not a word and continued directly toward him. When within three or four feet of him he again spoke, and, as before, received no response. He then noticed her face as "looking like a corpse," and, becoming so frightened he could not move, her ghostship veered slightly and passed him, brushing his arm as she did so. Mr. Elder turned around and found that the "speerit" had done the same and was

## COMING AT HIM AGAIN.

He thereupon fled the horrible spot and the ghostess also flew—right at him. He ran for half a mile, neither gaining nor losing one single step on the "peaky thing," it remaining right at his elbows. He stumbled and fell, but upon regaining his feet the thing had disappeared.

The Martin boys here found him, and to them he related what has above been given. He consented to return with them, and on approaching the woods near the school house the thing suddenly reappeared, rising up right before them. It as suddenly disappeared, and in another moment they perceived it flitting to an fro in a neighboring woods.

Their description of the alleged ghost tallies exactly. It wore a dark dress, a striped shawl, and a light sun-bonnet; but horrors! what a face—ghastly white, with

## A BLOOD-RED EYE THAT ROLLED.

Of course they told their story, and soon it was spread far and wide. Very few, however, took much stock in its being a "real, live, old-fashioned ghost;" but still they, as did those who did believe, hugged the family fire-places perceptibly closer of an evening. The climax was capped, and the top-feather put into the ghost story cap by the strange tale of William Kirkpatrick. He is a perfectly reliable young man of eighteen, the son of the Rev. John Kirkpatrick, and is a person whose word has never been doubted. One night, three days after Mr. Elder and the Martin boys say they saw the ghostly visitant, young Kirkpatrick, who had been "sitting up" with a lady friend, was returning home about 11 o'clock. He was one who had taken very little stock in the "speerit" story, but having to pass through the woods wherein Elder first saw the sight, he thought it best to fill his pockets with small boulders gathered from the creek hard by. When about midway in the woods he was startled and horrified by

## SEEING THE CELEBRATED HOSTESS.

It came from within the recesses of the wood and crossed his path but a few feet in advance of him. It was moonlight, and he could see it very distinctly. It did not seem to touch the earth; the feet, rather, were within two or three inches of the ground and she moved in an ordinary gait. Recovering himself from this sudden fright he drew forth a stone, and, with all his might and good aim, threw point-blank at the "speerit." It seemed to pass directly through, tearing a large hole in the ghostess' shoulder. The stone was thrown with such force that broke in twain one panel of a neighboring plank fence. The thing did not seem to mind at all the hole in its shoulder, and rapidly dissolving faded away been the panels of the fence.

Young Kirkpatrick reached home several minutes ahead of time that night, and told his folks this horrible adventure. Those who believed not the former story were somewhat dazed at this corroborative evidence, and now the ghost story has many

## FIRM BELIEVERS WHO SWEAR BY IT.

A correspondent interviewed every one of the parties mentioned, and the above is a truthful statement of what they told. Mr. Elder is a married man, with a large family, while the other parties are all young men who stand very high in their community. While not one single person who knows the parties doubt their word, they do not know what to think. The anti-ghost religion of that neighborhood has received a pretty severe shock, at the least. Said one very well known and highly respected gentleman of that vicinity: "I don't know whether or no I believe in ghosts now; but if that Kirkpatrick says he saw a ghost you can bet yourself blind he saw it."

It is the fireside gossip in all the southern part of the county, and is creating much excitement.

Several other parties have stationed themselves in the early morning at the spot where the ghostess was first seen, but "nary" ghost have they seen. Had parties other than those mentioned, who are so honest and highly respectable, sworn up and down that they had seen a ghost they would have been scoffed at and made fun of. But as it is, unless some explanation is made of the Mount Pleasant ghostess, it will be in the minds of many who profess belief in it, no myth, but a reality, and, as such, will be discussed and go down to posterity as a real, live ghost of the first class.

At Baltimore, on the 10th, Lewis S. Miller, the fourteen-year-old murderer of his companion, Charles O. Norris, was sentenced at Hagerstown, Md., to three years in the penitentiary.



## THE CURSE OF A CRIME.

Remarkable and Dramatic Judicial Scene  
in the Memorable Hayden  
Murder Trial.

### POOR MARY STANNARD.

Her Tragic Fate Again the Occasion of a  
Cold-Blooded Scrutiny By the  
Agents of the Law.

### THE JURY'S VISIT TO FOX LEDGE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

NEW HAVEN, Dec. 9.—The thirty-fourth day of the Hayden trial was marked by a visit of the jury to the scene of the tragedy. Mr. Waller said that, although the state did not deem the proposed visit wise from a legal point of view, they would not dissent from it if the defence thought it necessary. Their action was governed by policy. He regretted that the visit was not made earlier in the trial, when the foliage remained on the trees. "It isn't a beautiful country," said Mr. Waller, "even when nature smiles on it in summer. It is the best place to commit suicide in the State of Connecticut." The state seemed fearful that even if the visit was made at the desire of the accused clergyman and an adverse verdict should be obtained, the irregularity of the visit might be one of the grounds on which a new trial would be asked. The Canemi case was quoted.

Mr. Jones said that the two cases were dissimilar. In the Canemi case the prisoner consented to be tried by eleven jurors. The law explicitly declared that the prisoner must be tried by twelve, and a

NEW TRIAL WAS GRANTED.

Chief Justice Park said that in this case the law required that the jury should be governed solely and entirely by the evidence taken in court, and not by any impressions they might receive from outside. He thought the proposed movement of doubtful expediency.

Foreman Many said that the jury were indifferent about going, but they were ready to take the trip if the prisoner desired it.

It was finally settled that the court should adjourn and the jury should visit Rockland, accompanied by counsel from both sides and a sheriff's posse, the prisoner to remain in New Haven. Counsel were to call the jury's attention to points of interest through the sheriff. Mr. Hayden was then remanded and the court adjourned.

The jurors went to Guilford in a special train, and were driven across the country to Rockland, a distance of thirteen miles. On the road they passed Ben Stevens's residence. The old, abandoned road on which

THE BODY WAS FOUND

intersects the main highway about a quarter of a mile from Stevens's house. It was pointed out to the jury as they passed. The party reached the Hayden house at about 3 o'clock. A score of open-mouthed rustics received them, and a dozen carriages from New Haven and other points were ranged along the road. The jury entered the house and gazed for a long time up the Stannard road from the window through which Mrs. Hayden says she saw her husband's carriage as it passed the spring. The Stannard house was in full sight, and two persons could be seen standing in the road beneath the old chestnut tree and near the stile. It was a question, however, whether they could have been seen when the trees and shrubbery were in foliage. At a point about 150 feet above the spring it seemed settled that a glimpse of a carriage might have been seen when the leaves were on the trees. The jury then visited the barn and examined the spot where the arsenic was found. Captain Wilcox testified that he had crossed from mow to mow on a pole, and the defence, through the sheriff, called the jury's attention to his testimony. They claimed that it would have been almost impossible for him to make the crossing. The pole would have been far from level, and unless it was level the crossing would have been

ATTENDED WITH DANGER.

The jury then visited Luzerne Stevens's house, and sat down at the kitchen window, from which old Mrs. Stevens and her daughter say they saw Mr. Hayden and Mary Stannard enter the barn on the Monday afternoon before the murder. A small cherry tree about forty feet away broke the view of the barn door. Mr. Jones called the jury's attention to the twigs of a shrub which appeared to have been intertwined for the purpose of giving a clearer view. If Mr. Hayden and the girl took a lower path from the house and passed within two feet of the corner of the barn, it was apparent that they were in view up to the entrance. On the upper path the cherry tree might possibly shut them from sight.

The jury next examined the spot where Mrs. Ward says she caught a glimpse of a man crossing the Stannard road on the afternoon of the murder. It lay at the end of a path across Mr. Hayden's be-shrubbed pasture lot. It was evident that this path did not shut him entirely from view from his own and Luzerne Stevens's house. Mr. Waller called the jury's attention to the fact that some of the shrubbery had been cut away since September 3, 1878, and the defence asked them to see whether they could find the little stumps. Mr. Waller pointed out that by swerving northward from the path a man could have reached the main road

WITHOUT BEING SEEN.

The jury then climbed the leafy path through the woods to the big rock, and swept around by Fox Ledge to the spot where the body was found. Mr. Butler, the surveyor, was asked to show them where he found the little rill of water not many weeks after the homicide. He pointed out a marsh spot several hundred feet below. No rill was visible, nor could

any water be found. The party passed down the old rocky road near the foot of the hill. They were shown the mud chimney of the old hut where the board and blankets used in removing the body were obtained. The hut has been destroyed. At the intersection of the main road they were shown the spot where Mrs. Mills stood when she heard what is supposed to be Mary Stannard's dying scream. The potato field in which her husband was laboring, and the meadow where Mary's father was cocking hay, lay on the left.

The Stannard house was then visited. It is a rickety, unpainted structure. The jury went through the rooms and returned to the gate. A surveyor's tripod was planted in the middle of the road at the spot where Mr. Harrison said that Susan Hawley testified she saw her sister Mary going to the spring, followed by Mr. Hayden, on

THE DAY OF HER DEATH.

It was within the line of sight of the kitchen window. Mr. Jones insisted that Susan testified that she saw her sister at the bars several rods below where a cluster of sumachs shut off the view. Down to the spring and across that path over the pasture lot the jury walked, bringing up at Burr's barn. The prosecution called the jury's attention to the fact that a point of woods toward the Hayden house entirely concealed a man from sight after he had left the barn and gone 100 feet toward Mr. Hayden's wood lot. A cornfield on the north would have shut him from the sight of persons in the Ives house. It was dusk when the jury reached the wood lot. Mr. Jones had the spots marked for six piles of wood. Mr. Waller called the jury's attention to the fact that a wagon could go all over the lot, and that there was no necessity for throwing the wood in piles. After dark the party straggled in Indian file through the swampy path which Mr. Hayden says he took on his return to the house. Several interlopers were begged, and some of the jurors ended their excursion with wet feet. Chief Justice Park accompanied the party.

### Patti on the Rampage.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Dec. 6.—The feeling of disappointment felt by those who attended the Patti concert Friday night was not toned down yesterday, by any means, when it began to be noised around that Mme. Carlotta was drunk—actually drunk—when she attempted to sing here; that "after the opera was over" she stuffed herself with edibles and drinkables until midnight at her hotel; that, in fact, she was about the worst fraud that had ever disgraced this city.

The manager of the opera house, Mr. Thomas Roscoe, was visited by a Times reporter yesterday, and a dialogue ensued which might not be uninteresting.

"Mr. Roscoe, how's Patti?"

"Patti! She's a humbug, and I'm sick and disgusted with her."

"Is it really true that she was drunk before she went to the opera house last night?"

"Yes, sir; she was drunk before she went there, and she drank enough there to make an ordinary man drunk. After it was over she wound up by going to the hotel and having a drunken carouse. It was a vile outrage, and had I been able to discriminate between the persons who paid different prices for their tickets I would most assuredly have refunded the money to the audience. Talk about her being fatigued! Why, it is nothing but dissipation; and it hasn't been Leavenworth alone that has been swindled by her, but all the neighboring towns. She ought to be shown up in her true light."

Patti can eat as well as drink. She showed this at the Planter's House after the concert, when seven quails, a "hatfull" of macaroni and the Lord knows what other things were washed down by the madame with two bottles of beer and several glasses of claret. The troupe tried to run the hotel, but they failed. In the dining-room one of the sweet singers, who wasn't being attended to by the entire force of waiters, became offended, and called the head waiter to him, saying:

"Vy do I call meeself hoarse here? Vy haf you not four or five of ze little boys and girls at ze table?"

"What, just that to wait on you? Now, there's a bill of fare: find out what you want and sing out for it."

"Me sing out in ze dining hall! Oh, diablo! Me do not sing here; me sing in ze opera hall."

"Yes," responded the waiter "but if you wait until you get a chance to sing again in an opera house in Leavenworth it will be a very long time."

### A Bold Burglar Nabbed.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Dec. 9.—The principal burglar engaged in the robbery of the Bailey brothers, at Tagger's Corners, Chester county, on the night of November 5, is now safely lodged in jail at West Chester. Having disclosed the names of his four confederates, other arrests will be made. The burglar has attracted the attention of the police to an unusual degree. It appears, however, that the officials have the right man. The story is as follows:—As a well-known thief and confidence man called "Gopher Bill" was leaving his lodgings in Philadelphia he was captured by detective Spittal. The fact was not reported at the Central police office, but the prisoner was hustled into a cab and to the Baltimore railroad depot. The next train carried the two to Kennett Square, where the prisoner was identified by a boy as one of the five men he had seen walking on the railway the morning after the burglary. The prisoner, an old man, above the average height, who wears a long white beard, was then driven to West Chester's house, on which occasion Geo. G. Bailey positively identified him as one of the persons engaged in the \$100,000 burglary. "Gopher Bill," finding his own case hopeless, told the whole story. He said there were five men engaged in the work, as stated by Mr. Bailey, and gave all their names which the police naturally desire shall be withheld. It may be said, however, that two of the men reside in the immediate neighborhood of Kennett Square, and were at once placed under surveillance, and that the two others are well known Philadelphia burglars. The prisoner, "Gopher Bill" was then taken back to West Chester and locked up.

### BAGGED AGAIN.

The Notorious Cracksmen, Chauncey Johnson, in the Clutches of the Law  
Once More—His Remarkable History.

A well-dressed man entered the crockery and cutlery store of Gilman, Collamore & Co., at No. 19 Union square, on the 4th inst., and made inquiries regarding the price of some vases. A few minutes later two women, followed by another man, entered the store. The women were waited upon by the cashier, Edward Van Gant, who left his desk, in the rear part of the building, the first man having engaged the attention of the only salesman in the store at the time. The cashier thought the second man was an acquaintance of the women, so he paid no attention to him as he walked around the store while the women examined several articles. He sauntered into the rear part of the store unobserved and turned the key in the cashier's desk, from which he took a package containing \$218. He then made his way to the front part of the building, where he called Van Gant aside, and told him to select some chinaware for the women, because

THEY WERE FRIENDS OF HIS.

and he would call again. The cashier said "All right," and the man left. The man who had entered first, and who is thought to have been the thief's partner, then told the salesman that he did not see anything he wished to purchase, and passed out, remarking that he would call again. The cashier returned to his desk, and in a few minutes discovered the robbery. The women, when questioned, said that they were not acquainted with the thief, and the cashier realized that he had been duped. The theft was reported at Police Headquarters and Van Gant was conducted through the Rogue's Gallery, but he failed to identify any of the pictures as that of the robber. Some years ago Detective Joseph Dorsey arrested Billy Pierce and James Ryan, two well known thieves, in the act of robbing Collamore's store at No. 731 Broadway, and at the request of the firm Detective Dorsey was detailed on this case. The detective was furnished with an accurate description of the thief, and at once concluded that the work was that of Chauncey Johnson, a noted bank robber and burglar, who was recently released from Sing Sing Prison. He scoured the city for him, and late on the afternoon of the 8th inst. espied his man prowling around the North River Bank, corner of Thirty-fourth street and Eighth avenue. Dorsey watched him for some time, and saw him cross the avenue and loiter near the door of the West Side Bank. Then he determined to arrest Johnson, and in a second was beside him. The officer tapped him on the shoulder, and informed him that

CAPTAIN KEALEY WANTED TO SEE HIM.

"That's rough," remarked Johnson, "Joe; you know that I've served the state well."

"I can't help it, for you must remember that if you start to commit a crime there are men who will undertake to capture you, and I am one of them," was the detective's reply.

Without further ceremony Detective Dorsey took Johnson by the arm and led him to Police Headquarters. Superintendent Walling was about leaving his office when Dorsey arrived with his prisoner. The chief's sanctum was dark when Johnson, who is fifty-six years old and wore a black suit, light overcoat and black Derby hat, was requested to be seated. The gas was turned on and the superintendent's eyes glistened as they fell on Johnson.

"Why, that's Chauncey Johnson," said the superintendent, looking at the prisoner.

The latter nodded his head, but had nothing to say. He was then taken into the detective office, and with fifteen other persons was placed in a rear room, where he was instantly recognized by Cashier Van Gant as the man who had robbed his desk. Johnson was then locked up.

The prisoner has quite a remarkable history, having passed nearly thirty years of his life in prison. When quite a young man he spent a good deal of his time and money in gambling saloons, and it was in those establishments that he first became associated with crime and criminals. He lost a small fortune at the gaming table, and says he was compelled to turn cracksmen to support himself. In those days Dave Bottles, Tom Biglow, Fahey McGuire, Dan Noble, Rory Simms and Bill Voeberg were in his glory. Being successful in all the small jobs he had undertaken, these thieves planned with him the

ROBBERY OF THE METROPOLITAN BANK.

corner of Broadway and Pine street, in 1864, and he was chosen to perform the work. One morning Johnson entered the bank and taking off his coat placed it upon one of the pegs. He then donned one of the clerk's linen dusters and going behind the desk took charge of one of the books. Five minutes later the cashier came in, and seeing Johnson, whom he supposed to be one of the clerks at work, remarked: "I guess I've got out of the wrong side of the bed this morning."

"Perhaps so," was Johnson's only reply. The cashier, not suspecting that there was a thief near him, opened the safe and afterward passed into an inner office. Johnson lost no time in getting at the safe, out of which he took \$18,000 in greenbacks. With the money he decamped, but some days later he was arrested. When arraigned at court he pleaded guilty, and on that account got off with a light sentence. This case brought him prominently to the notice of the police, and when he came out of prison they shadowed him. He was next arrested in a gambling saloon by Detective O'Keefe (now dead) and on his person was found several thousand dollars' worth of stolen bonds. He was instrumental in the return of \$180,000 worth of bonds which had been stolen from a banking house in Wall street, but notwithstanding that he was sent to prison. When he came out of Sing Sing he fell into the hands of Detective Elder, who caused his return. When his time had expired he came back to the city again, and in 1871 he managed to steal over \$30,000 in cash out of the safe in the office of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. For this

offence he was sentenced to prison for ten years. He completed his term, with a deduction for good conduct, and came back to this city only a few months ago.

### A Feroceous Fist Fight.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A battle with gloves was fought on Saturday night, 6th inst., by Patsy McManus, of the eastern district of Brooklyn, and Jack Maloney, of this city. They fought at catchweights with hard gloves, according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring, for \$50 a side. A stable in East New York was selected as the battle ground. McManus was attended by Jack Tobin and Mike Hollihan; Maloney was seconded by Billy Hayes and Tommy Hannan. Maloney stands 5 feet 7½ inches, and weighs 140 pounds. He has figured in several encounters with gloves, and formerly worked in the gas house. McManus is a butcher, and is expert as a butcher. He stands 5 feet 8 inches, and weighs 146 pounds.

At the call of time McManus rushed at Maloney before the latter was half way across the ring, not waiting for the customary hand shaking, and let drive a heavy right hander at Maloney's head. He missed his mark, and Maloney countered heavily on McManus' jaw and left a red mark. Both closed, and McManus threw Maloney heavily, and walked back to his corner, applauded. Hot words followed between the partisans of the pugilists, and a free fight was in prospect. The referee shouted time, and McManus was again first to the scratch and full of fight. He led with his left and nailed Maloney on the jaw, and the latter got in a straight right cross counter on McManus' nose, sent the blood flying and knocked him down. First blood and first knockdown was claimed for Maloney and allowed. In round three McManus was slow to the call and his nose looked twice its natural size, and it was bleeding freely. Maloney, by the advice of his second, forced the fighting. He planted a heavy left-hander on McManus' body. The latter retaliated, and desperate fighting followed. McManus had the best of it, and he forced Maloney into his corner, clinched, threw him and fell on him. Some one kicked McManus while he was in Maloney's corner, and then there was another wrangle, and two of the seconds clinched. The referee threatened to go away, and then order was restored and the fight continued.

In all of the succeeding rounds the fighting was desperate, and neither pugilist gave any signs of stopping. McManus was the most punished, but he appeared to be the strongest on his legs. Round after round was fought until the men had been fighting one hour and fifty minutes. McManus had sprained his left wrist, and his hand was useless.

Maloney fought on the defensive and tried to close McManus' left eye as the right was nearly shut. After forty-one rounds had been fought McManus began to grow weak, and Maloney had the fight all his own way.

In the forty-third round McManus was unable to fight any longer, and Hollihan called him a "duffer," and threw up the sponge.

### A White Lothario's Dark Experience.

[Subject of Illustration.]

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 7.—Last evening as "Budd" Gumby, colored, was going up stairs at his dwelling on Walnut street, above Eighth, he saw a figure of a white man in his wife's bed chamber. He didn't object to his wife receiving white gentlemen as visitors as custom and propriety warranted, but he objected most seriously to them disturbing the sanctity of his household by wandering around with his wife through his bed chamber. He went for that man, and that white individual went out of the window with the air of a man deeply intent on business. Gumby went down stairs pell-mell and rushed into the yard. The white man in jumping from the window lit upon the edge of a fence, and as he rolled over the ground Budd came up with a log of wood, a chair or some similar weapon and dealt the man a blow. The white man jumped to his feet, but as he got well under way for the back fence another well-directed whack from Gumby laid him out. Before the blow could be repeated the man recovered, and, mounting the back fence, sped along in the direction of Walnut street, along which he was rapidly pursued by the irate Gumby. Hearing the disturbance Officer Kane put in an appearance and arrested the white man and brought him to the hall. After hearing the facts in the case the prisoner was released. The man is a resident of this city.

### Murder in Italian Row.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A party of Italians gathered at the residence of Antonio Celendono in what is known as "Italian Row," between avenues A and B, on the evening of the 4th inst. Card playing, liberally interspersed with drinking, was indulged in, and finally a dispute arose over some trivial matter, which ended in one of the party, Frank Bello by name, being ejected from the room by the proprietor, Celendono. Bello made but little resistance, but as the door was closed in his face he was heard to mutter threats of vengeance, which at the time excited no fear. Bello went immediately to his room above, and, taking from his trunk a large sheath knife, returned to Celendono's room and demanded admittance, which was refused, whereupon he burst in the door, and at once attacked Celendono, stabbing him in the face. Two men who were in the room at the time fled precipitately from the scene, and have not since been heard of. When found Celendono was lying in a pool of blood with four stabs in different parts of his body. Bello was afterward found secreted in the vicinity, and was handcuffed and taken to the 126th street station house.

In Wooster, O., on the 10th, the Grand Jury indicted John Callahan, Anthony McGowan, Sr., A. McGowan, Jr., and James Saddler for murder in the first degree, in having killed John Termie on the 2nd of October.

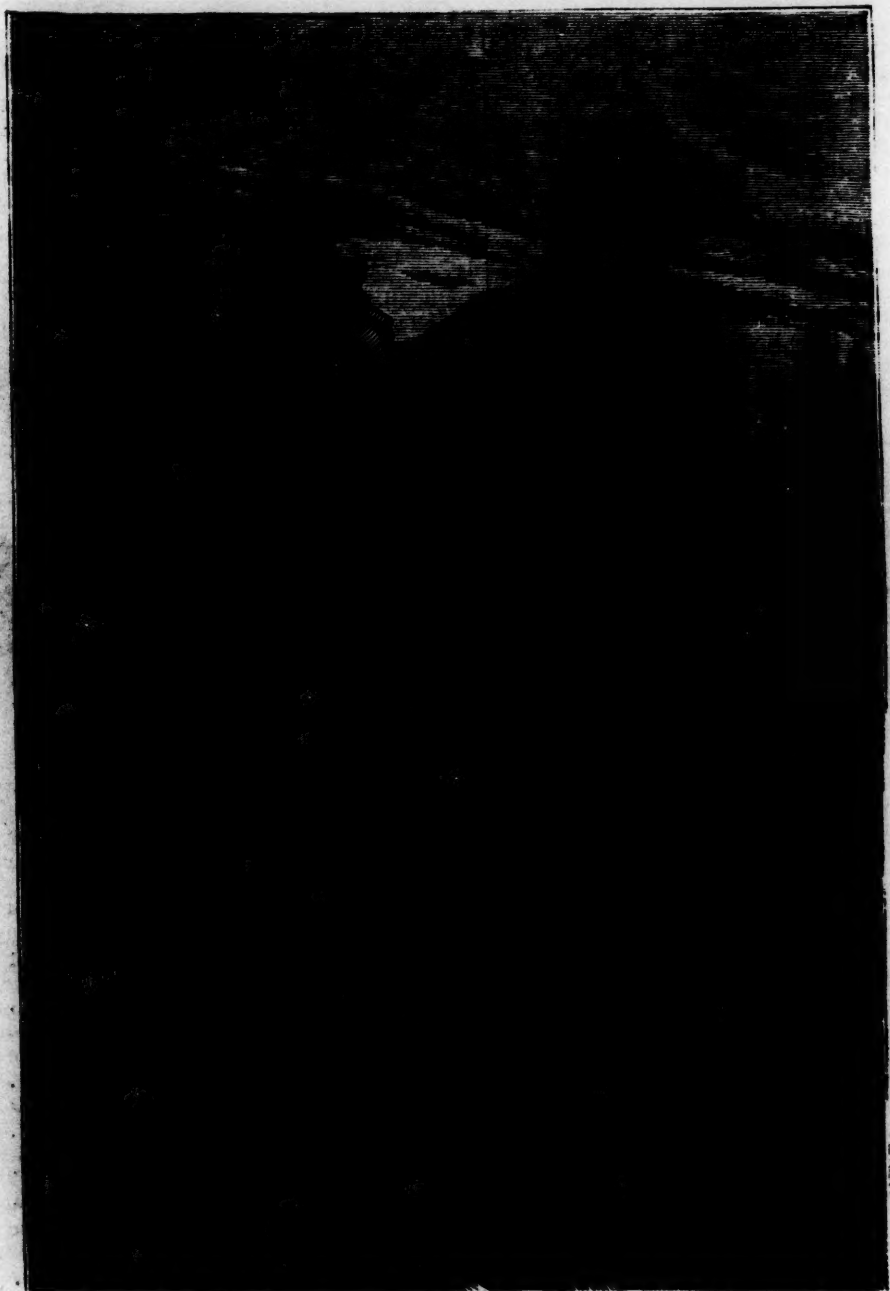




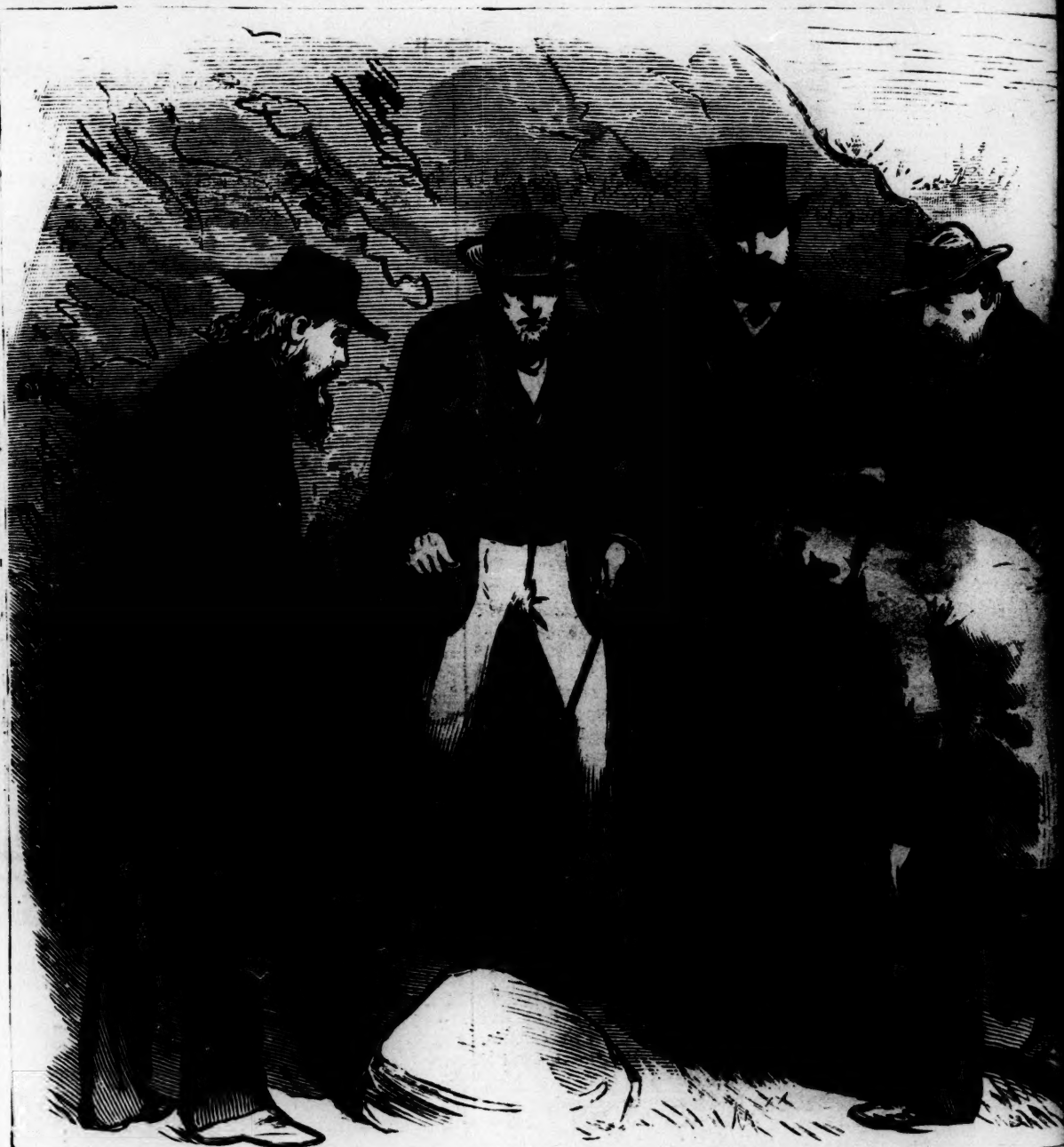
THE WOES OF A CHINAMAN—CURIOUS "ACCIDENT" EXPERIENCED BY ALL YEA AT THE HANDS OF CHAS. STEFFENS WHILE ENDEAVORING TO COLLECT A WASH BILL FROM 'MELICAN MAN; BROOKLYN, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 11.



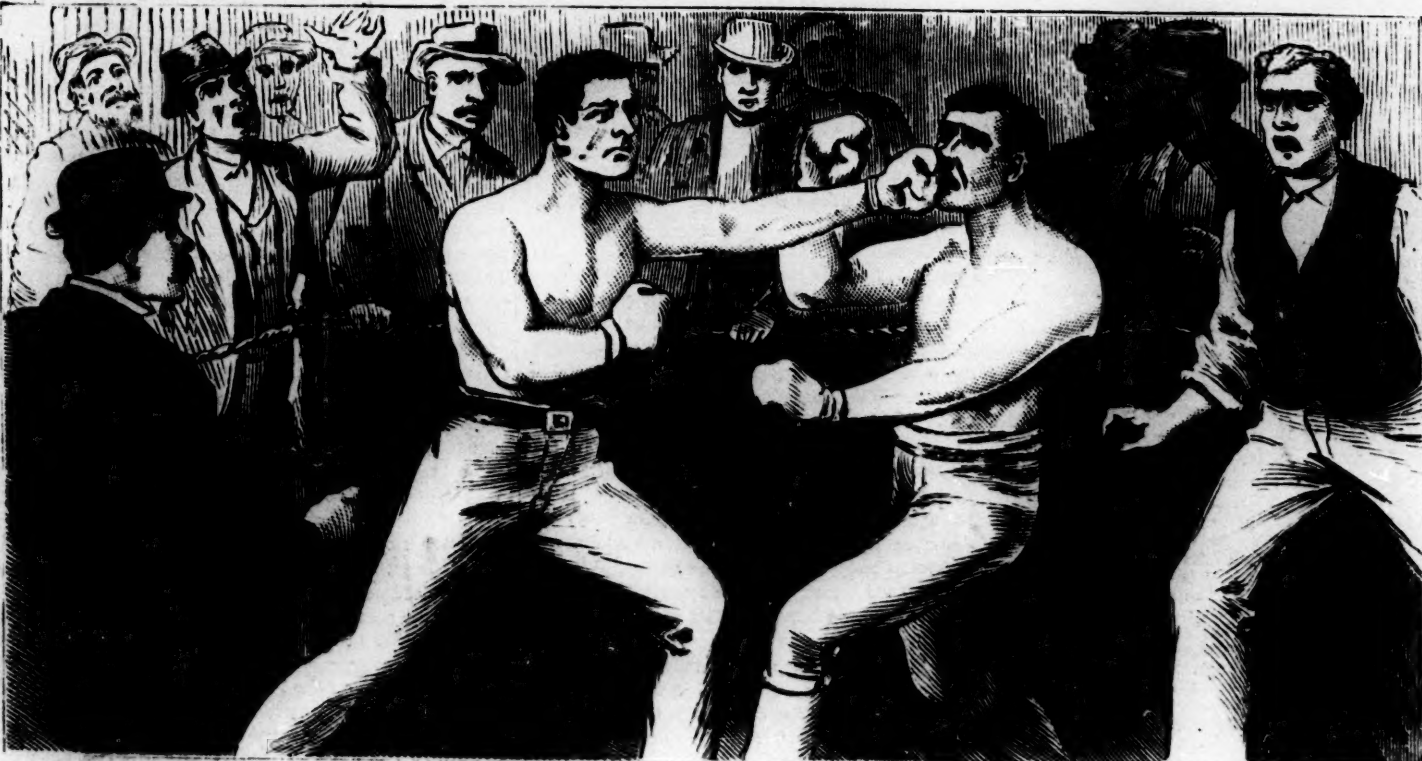
UNITED IN DEATH—MR. CORDISS AND MISS YOUNG, BREAK THROUGH THE ICE WHILE SKATING.



SADIE KELLEY'S FAILURE IN AN INSANE ATTEMPT AT SELF-DESTRUCTION IN A FIT OF JEALOUS PIQUE; DES MOINES, IOWA. SEE PAGE 10.



REMARKABLE AND DRAMATIC JUDICIAL SCENE—VISIT OF THE JURY IN THE GREAT HALL PLACE OF POOR MARY STANNARD'S TRAGIC DEATH; NEAR



A FEROCIOUS FIST FIGHT—DESPERATE BATTLE WITH HARD GLOVES BETWEEN PAT McMANUS AND JACK MALONEY, RESULTING IN THE DEFEAT OF THE FORMER AFTER TERRIBLE MUTUAL PUNISHMENT; EAST NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 7.



SHOCKING SCENE AT AN EXECUTION—ANDREW... SOLED BY HIS SPIRITUAL ADVISERS WHILE AWAITING FIRST ATTEMPT.—SEE PAGE 10.





ENGAGED LOVERS, WITH THEIR COMPANION, MISS  
ALL ARE DROWNED; NEAR BARABOO, WIS.—SEE PAGE 13.



HORRIBLE DEED OF A RUM-CRAZED FATHER—CHARLES UPTON, IN A DRUNKEN FRENZY, HURLS A LIGHTED  
LAMP AT HIS WIFE AND FATALLY BURNS BOTH HERSELF AND HIS CHILD; ANSONIA, CONN.—SEE PAGE 13.



MURDER TRIAL TO THE BLOOD-STAINED SPOT IN THE HIDDEN RECESS OF FOX LEDGE, THE  
AND, CONN.—[SKETCHED BY A GAZETTE SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 7.



DIMINUTIVE BUT DANGEROUS—HOW MISS NELLIE JOHNSON, A FIFTY  
POUND HEROINE, REPLIED TO A BURLY INSULT; ST. LOUIS.  
SEE PAGE 10.



MURDERER OF HIS BEAUTIFUL COUSIN, CON-  
MANGING AFTER HIS HORRIBLE FALL IN THE



A WHITE LOTHARIO'S DARK EXPERIENCE—BUDD GUMBY'S EXCITING PURSUIT OF A PALE-FACED WOULD-  
BE DON JUAN WHOM HE SUSPECTED OF ATTEMPTED POACHING ON HIS DOMESTIC PRESERVE; WIL-  
MINGTON, DEL.—SEE PAGE 7.



## CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses  
Against Person and  
Property.

## MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

The Poisoning Epidemic in Illinois—How  
a Horse Doctor Prescribed for His  
Alleged Victim and His Family.

## THE BLACK SLAYER OF A WHITE HARLOT.

## EXECUTION POSTPONED.

WAYNESBORO, Miss., Dec. 5.—An appeal having been granted in the case of Frank Walton, sentenced to be hanged here to-day for the murder of James Sullivan in June last, the execution is postponed until action can be taken on the appeal.

## TWO YEARS FOR MURDER.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Dec. 4.—Stephen W. Sackett, indicted for the murder of Edward Lee, in the town of Stamford, on the 21st of June last, was tried here to-day and found guilty of manslaughter in the fourth degree. Judge Barnard sentenced him to two years' imprisonment in the Albany Penitentiary.

## THE BLAIR CONSPIRACY.

Charles E. Blair, the manufacturer, of Chatham Four Corners, N. Y., and Mary Connelly testified on the 4th before the Grand Jury against Joseph and Mary Volkmer, accused of having administered, or caused to be administered, a poison with intent to kill. The prisoners were indicted, and their trial began on the 5th.

## MURDER AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 4.—The expenses of the third trial of Nathan Orlando Greenfield, who is now under sentence of death for wife murder were \$7,876.60. The bill of the stenographer amounted to \$1,324. Governor Robinson has been appealed to to commute Greenfield's sentence to imprisonment for life. He will give his answer next week.

## A BOY MURDERER.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 4.—Lewis A. Miller, fourteen years old, was convicted of manslaughter at Hagerstown to-day. In June last he became involved in a trifling dispute with some companions, among whom was Charles O. Norris, about his own age. After warning the latter to desist from his taunts young Miller went to his home, procured a shotgun, and returning fired at Norris, killing him instantly.

## FIVE MONTHS A FUGITIVE.

Policeman Van Ness, attempting to enter a Newark grocery store that was being robbed last July, was knocked down, and for a week lay at the point of death. Henry Hanks, who was subsequently arrested, pleaded guilty to entering the store, but denied the assault. He has been in jail ever since. Bernard McCarthy, aged eighteen, who was indicted on the same charge, was captured on Wednesday, 3rd inst., and on the 4th pleaded not guilty to the charge of robbery and assault. He was remanded for trial.

## BLOODY POLITICAL ROW.

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 4.—A bloody fight took place in Jonesboro last night over the municipal election contest. Mansfield, a candidate for Mayor on the old ticket, had a negro meeting, which was called the night before the election. He was in one of the front seats and made a speech. Walker, the opposition candidate, walked in at the back door and stood up listening to the proceedings. Mansfield shouted, "Hurrah for the new ticket!" Walker replied, "Hurrah for the old ticket!" Mansfield walked down the hall and fell upon Walker with a stick. He beat Walker badly, when the latter drew a pistol and killed him. The election came off to-day. The campaign was devoid of political interest.

## A NEGRO MURDERER ARRESTED.

Police Captain Brogan, on the night of the 4th, arrested George Smith, the negro who shot and killed Harriet Saville, his white mistress, on the 8th ult. It will be remembered that Smith accompanied the woman to Mary Waters' laundry in Leonard street, on that night, and, after quarrelling with her, fired three shots at her. One of the bullets lodged in her side. Harriet was removed to the Chambers Street Hospital, where she died, and Smith made good his escape. Captain Brogan traced Smith to East New York. From there he went to Staten Island, where he remained for some time. He was next heard of in the Eighth ward, and last night the Captain arrested him on the steamer Chapman, lying in the East River, where he was employed. The prisoner admitted the shooting, but claimed that it was accidental.

## PROBABLY FATAL FAMILY FRACAS.

LANDISVILLE, Pa., Dec. 3.—Jacob Buch, aged fifty, and his son-in-law, John Lump, aged twenty-eight years, living about one mile north of this place, engaged in a quarrel to-day which resulted in severe injuries to Buch, from which he may not recover. He came home intoxicated and began abusing the family, when Lump ordered him to be quiet. In answer to this Buch threatened to brain Lump with a poker, and tried to put his threat into execution by inflicting several severe blows on Lump's head and shoulders. The latter then struck Buch a terrible blow on the head, knocking him senseless to the floor. Medical aid was summoned and the man was found to be dangerously hurt, several ribs being broken. Lump was also badly hurt. Both families resided together. Ill feeling had existed in the families for some time on account of Buch coming home intoxicated and abusing his wife and daughter in a shameful manner. The affair has created considerable excitement, as the parties are well known in this section. No arrests as yet.

## THE SOLDIER MURDER.

NEWPORT, R. I., Dec. 4.—The hearing before the United States Commissioner this morning in the case of Corporal Nicholson, held for the alleged murder of Private Kopp at Fort Adams, by pushing him into a cistern, where he was afterward found drowned, took place to-day. Sergeant Brown testified that he saw Nicholson and Kopp together on the night in question; he told them to go home; Nicholson said that Kopp should not go until he had paid him the amount of money which he owed him; after a while they went off together. Sergeant Lane swore that he heard a loud noise near the cistern, and recognized Nicholson's voice in anger. Immediately afterward he heard the cover to the cistern fall, but he paid no attention to it, as he had frequently heard the men closing it after drawing water. He did not know that Kopp was entombed, or else he would have gone to his assistance. Further hearing of the case was postponed until Thursday next. Before being remanded to jail the prisoner was allowed to see his wife, and a very affecting scene took place.

## REPORTED POISONING CASE.

CHICAGO, Dec. 5.—Christopher Kegel, an old farmer, sixty-five years of age, died suddenly at his home, in East Orland, in this county, on the 10th of November last. Since his death there has been considerable gossip, and charges have been made that Daniel Zinnel, a horse doctor, who made his home with Kegel for some weeks prior to Kegel's death, had had illicit relations with deceased's wife, and that they are responsible for his death. It is claimed that when Dr. Harmon was called to prescribe for the deceased Zinnel threw his medicines out of the window and stated he would attend to the case himself. Zinnel purchased some bluestone a few days before Kegel's death to use, as he claims, to doctor a horse. This story has since been found to be untrue, and when asked what he had done with the bluestone he claimed that he had lost it through a hole in his pocket. These facts taken in connection with the assertion that Kegel's wife, who is only thirty years of age, has been apparently unconcerned in regard to her husband's death, and that Zinnel has continued to make his home with her coming to the ear of Justice Asa Farum, he yesterday had Zinnel committed to the county jail without bail pending an analysis of the deceased's stomach. A reporter visited the accused in the jail this morning. He denied the charge, and stated that if Kegel was poisoned it was by some other party. Two years ago Zinnel was arrested for committing an assault on a lady eighty-five years of age, but he was not convicted.

## Jealous Sadie's Suicidal Freak.

[Subject of Illustration.]

DES MOINES, Iowa, Dec. 2.—Sadie Kelley, a girl who works at the Aborn House, allowed herself to become so madly in love with a young fellow that she was extremely jealous of him, and her jealousy carried her so far, Sunday evening, that it led to an attempt to take her life by throwing herself from the Walnut street bridge. It seems that Sadie and her lover had been to the temperance meeting of the Reform Club, and during the meeting a young girl "made eyes" at Sadie's beau, who returned the compliment. This was observed by the jealous woman, and on the return home, and while in front of the hotel, she reproached him, and accused him of having a desire to go home with the other girl. While they were talking the girl was weeping bitterly, and attracted the attention of a legal gentleman who was passing, who stopped and inquired what was the matter. He was answered by the girl's beau, "nothing but a little trouble." The young fellow left them, and Sadie was taken in tow by the lawyer, who endeavored to calm her. They walked to Third and Walnut streets, when the girl suddenly broke away from the legal gentleman and started on a run for the Walnut street bridge.

It so happened that Officer Charlie Shaffer came up just then, and he was told by the lawyer that the girl had rushed on the bridge to throw herself into the river. Shaffer hastened after her, and caught her about the center of the bridge, with hat and shawl off, about to make the plunge. He took the rash girl in charge and led her home.

## Shocking Scene at an Execution.

[Subject of Illustration.]

SMITHPORT, Pa., Dec. 4.—Between the hours of one and two o'clock to-day Andrew Tracy suffered the extreme penalty for the murder of Mary Reilly. Last evening at seven o'clock his four brothers and two sisters visited his cell and after remaining one hour took a final leave of the condemned man.

At 1:30 Sheriff Sartwell issued from the cell, followed by the priests supporting Tracy, deputies bringing up the rear, and slowly descended from the third corridor to the gallows, which occupied the greater portion of the main corridor of the jail proper, and which had been constructed and tested by an expert with a view, it is hoped, of preventing any accident.

When the executioner asked him if he had anything to say why the sentence of the law should not be fulfilled, he answered, with a clear voice, in the shortest possible sentence, that he had none. After this his limbs were completely bound and he was placed upon the drop. At 1:45 the rope was cut and the condemned man was swung in mid-air for an instant, but the knot was not properly adjusted and he dropped with a dull thud to the stone floor below. His half-senseless form was again assisted to the scaffold. While the rope was being re-adjusted Tracy recovered consciousness, and at the request of a priest repeated part of the Litany. He faintly in an attendant's arms, however, and again recovering repeated words after the priest. Ten minutes later the trap was again sprung and the prisoner's neck was broken by the fall. His pulse ceased to beat ten minutes after and the remains were cut down.

## NOT IN THE BILL OF FARE.

Colored Waiters in a St. Louis Hotel  
Engage in a Little Carving Affair of  
Their Own—A Dusky Belle at the  
Bottom of It.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 7.—A cutting affray, which will probably terminate fatally for the victim, and add another guest to those select apartments in the jail especially reserved for the takers of human life, and therefore called Murderers' Row, took place last evening at the Lindell Hotel, between two of the negro waiters. The stories of the crime, as stated by the associates of the participants, are somewhat conflicting, but the details of the bloody affair seem to be as follows:

About 6 o'clock, just after the dining-room employees had changed watches, Frank Morton, one of the night watch, a bright-colored mulatto, twenty-two years old, came into the side room, next to the waiters' dining room, where the help keep their clothes, when engaged at work up stairs in the hotel dining-room, and commenced removing his coat preparatory to donning his white jacket and joining his watch.

The small, narrow apartment was filled with a large number of the waiters, some of them, like Morton, getting ready to begin the night's work; others, who had finished the day's labor, were standing around chatting and chaffing one another.

Among the gang, as it is called, who were off duty, seated in the room, was one Ben Hicks, a large-sized, MUSCULAR NEGRO, OF QUARRELLOUS PROPENSITIES. Between him and Morton an argument sprang up. Exactly what they were talking about no one is able to state, except that one of the waiters thinks it was something about women. Suddenly Hicks, who was seated on a box about three feet from Morton, was heard to say, in a loud, angry tone of voice: "You are a ———."

Morton made some reply in an undertone, left the room and walked into a long, narrow passage-way which leads to the stairs and at the end of which is the entrance to the negro dining-room. He turned into this room, and, seizing three large hotel coffee-cups, immediately turned and went rapidly out. His action was noticed by a waiter, and he remarked to the cook, who was standing near: "I wonder what that nigger is going to do with those cups."

The cook replied: "I'll go and see," but before he could catch up with Morton the answer came in the shape of crashing china, and before the cook reached the scene of the conflict the two negroes were locked in a close struggle. He exerted his authority, being a powerful man, and with the assistance of one or two of the bystanders, compelled them to desist. Morton then left the room again, but in a minute came back and looked in at the door. It is supposed that Hicks had some instinctive warning of more trouble ahead, for he followed Morton. In less than two minutes afterwards the noise of a second scuffle was heard near by, and all rushed in to see what was going on. The tableau then presented was Morton standing in the doorway of the small kitchen used for the help, and opposite to him Hicks, strongly fettered by the brawny arms of Rube Sharp, the cook. Morton had his hand to his left side, and was heard to say: "The ——— has cut me three times." He then turned away and stepped into the dining-room adjoining, leaving his assailant still in the hands of Sharp, who released him in a few moments.

Hicks didn't stay long enough to make any lengthy statement of his side of the story; indeed, he was very brief, and with the cool remark "Well, it will be advisable for me to get out of here and go up town," calmly walked to the door leading out into the rear yard of the hotel and was seen no more, no effort to detain him being made.

Morton, who did not seem to be very badly hurt, showing no signs of weakness, although SPITTING BLOOD FREELY AT EVERY STEP.

He was advised to go to a drug store, and, putting on his coat, was accompanied over to Catlin's, on the corner of Sixth street and Washington avenue. There he began to weaken rapidly, and a clerk ran across Sixth street and summoned Dr. Bernays, by whose advice the wounded negro was conveyed to the Doctor's office. An examination of the wounds was made, and they were found to be so very severe and dangerous that an ambulance was telegraphed for and driven by his request to the residence of a negro family with whom he was acquainted, living at 1,411 Franklin avenue.

The examination of the wounds showed a long cut on the right arm near the shoulder, another cut of minor importance on the same arm, and a penetrating wound in the left side, which had evidently pierced the lung. Morton spoke with much difficulty, and on this account was unable to say much about the affray, but he stated to the physicians previous to being removed that he had a quarrel with negro named Hicks, and the latter had cut him.

The reporter, on visiting the scene of the stabbing, found the negroes very much excited about it, and still volubly discussing the details. The dining room had been lately cleaned and the floor was still damp. This had been done to remove the bloody traces of Morton's hemorrhage.

Henry Wilson, a waiter, related the details of the first jangle between the two negroes in the dressing room substantially as above, and did not seem to consider Hicks much to blame in the matter, as Morton had inaugurated the quarrel by firing the cups at Hicks, and others who had seen this preliminary skirmish agreed with Wilson.

Reuben Sharp said that he heard the cups smashing against the wall while going to see what Morton was doing, and then he separated the combatants. Directly afterwards he saw Morton run into the small kitchen toward a big butcher knife lying on the table, followed by Hicks. Before he could get hold of it Hicks, to use Rube's words, "had him by de arm and was jabbing the knife—his own knife—into him fast. I tell you. I cotted him by de arm den

"AND MADE HIM STOP."

When asked what had become of Hicks after the

affray Rube raised his eyes and said: "Good Lord! he jes jined de 'birds quick, I tell you." He didn't know what had caused the trouble, but thought it was "women."

The fact was learned, however, that the weapon used was probably Hicks' pocket-knife, and the size of the wound in the side, which was small, corroborates this opinion.

After leaving the hotel a visit was made to the residence on Franklin avenue, to which Morton was taken. The wounded man was found in bed in a small room in the rear of a dry goods store, surrounded by two or three females of his own color. He seemed to be under the influence of a narcotic, and the nurses said that the doctor, who had just gone, left strict orders that he must not be allowed to speak under any circumstances, as his life might pay the forfeit of any exertion. The doctor had also given very little hope of recovery, and they were, consequently, expecting the worst to occur at any moment.

Morton was given a very good character at the hotel—as a polite, attentive servant, and not given to quarrelling. He had been in the city only a year, and originally came from Cincinnati. Hicks, on the contrary, was spoken of as rather disposed to quarrel on slight pretext. Morton was of slight, slender make-up and figure, whereas Hicks was burly and strong.

The supposition is that seeing himself pursued through the hallway Morton ran into the kitchen, fearing reprisal on the part of Hicks for the cup-throwing act, and was then cut and stabbed before he knew that anything so desperate was intended. Old Rube's statement about Morton's attempting to get hold of the knife on the table is only his own idea, not a fact.

The police were immediately notified, and commenced to scour the city for the man who had committed the crime, but so far as known Hicks had no fixed residence, and as the trail was lost when he vanished from the hotel the probability of a capture was considered by no means good.

## The Green-Eyed Monster.

BRADFORD, Pa., Dec. 3.—John Ready, a young man who came to Bradford some time ago from Buffalo, N. Y., has been living with a notorious woman named Carrie Nihil. She formerly hailed from Pittsburgh, and was brought to this town by one Ben Hagan. When he abandoned her she brought suit against him and succeeded in breaking up his business. Ready became insanely jealous of her, and while she was lying sick in her room, this morning, having nerved himself up with drink, he entered her room about 1 o'clock, ostensibly to inquire after her health. He said that he had just heard of a prescription that he thought would promote her speedy recovery. While she was reading the prescription, being at the time propped up in bed with pillows, Ready drew from his pocket a small revolver and leveled it at her head. The unfortunate girl screamed and attempted to rise from the bed, but the bullet struck her in the mouth and lodged in her head. The desperate man then placed the muzzle of the pistol against her right temple and pulled the trigger. The pistol missed fire and the woman flung herself out of bed on the floor. Her lover next completed his work by putting the muzzle of the weapon to his head and sending a bullet into his brain. Staggering across the room, the dying man made an effort once more at his mistress, who lay screaming beside the bed. Failing in his deadly purpose, he again turned the pistol against himself and the bullet entered his right eye. When the door was burst in and assistance arrived the woman was found to be not seriously injured and the bullet was extracted without difficulty. Ready lingered for two hours in a semi-unconscious state.

## A Rum-Crazed Demon's Deed.

[Subject of Illustration.]

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 5.—W. W. Beasley, a well known business man of this city, boarding with Mrs. M. J. Herbert, a well known and respectable lady, who has for some time kept a popular place in this city, went to his room in a thoroughly intoxicated condition and was reprovingly accosted by his landlady. Some harsh words passed between them, she upbraiding him for coming into her house and disgracing it in such a condition. He retorted in equal terms, and finally, upon her applying a severe epithet to him and ordering him to leave her house on the instant, he fell into a frenzy of rage, and rushing at her as she stood on the third story gallery of the house a few feet from his room, seized her bodily about the waist and threw her over the gallery. She fell heavily to the yard, with one short ejaculation for mercy, ended almost as soon as formed upon her lips, by the terrible blow, and died instantly without an opportunity to give her reason of the tragedy. Beasley is under arrest, and will have to answer the charge of murder in the first degree.

## A Diminutive Heroine.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Nellie Johnson, of St. Louis, is a young lady of quite diminutive proportions. Ordinarily she weighs but fifty pounds, a light weight, it must be admitted, in the ordinary ranks of life. But, like little people in general, she has a spirit proportioned on a very much larger scale than her body. She gets mad upon occasion, and then she weighs, judging by a recent performance of hers, anywhere up to a ton. A few days since she was insulted on the street by a burly young ruffian of more than four times her physical calibre, but who apparently desires to pass himself off as a gentleman. In the flush of her righteous indignation the diminutive but plucky lady pulled out a pocket knife and plunged the blade into the breast of the insulter. Had the blade been larger the story would have been shorter, but it happened it was too small to reach a vital part, and he escaped, probably to repeat the performance in some other quarter after he recovers from his scare.



## MARITAL MARY.

She Would Be a Bride, But Her Chosen  
Wouldn't Be a Bridegroom—  
If he Knew It.

## AND HE DIDN'T KNOW IT;

That Is, Not Sufficiently to Get Up and  
Get When he Should Have  
Got, and so Have

## AVOIDED THE WRATH TO COME.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 6.—In February last a girl only nineteen years of age was brought by an officer into the Springfield police office. She gave her name as Mary O'Loughlin, and with the name as entered upon the police record was coupled a charge of street-walking. The following day she was brought before the judge of the city court. The evidence against her was conclusive. She had been known to the police for some time, and on the occasion of her arrest had been found walking the streets late at night, her reputation and her behavior leaving no doubt of her object. Massachusetts law is much more severe than Connecticut law in cases of this kind, and the girl was sentenced to two years in the Massachusetts state prison. Soon after she arrived at the institution her good behavior secured for her greater privileges than are usually accorded to prisoners. She and another young woman, who was also a prisoner, were given some duties to perform, which allowed them to pass temporarily outside of the walls, bars and bolts, behind which prisoners usually spend their entire time of sentence. Taking advantage of the liberty thus given them they effected their escape about a month after Mary

## FIRST ENTERED THE PRISON WALLS.

Feeling that they would be more secure from capture should they separate, they remained together but a short time after they were at liberty. Mary's companion found her way to Providence, R. I., and remained there for a month, when her whereabouts was discovered by the prison authorities, and an officer provided with the necessary papers went to Providence, took her into custody and returned with her to the prison, where she was subjected to the punishment to which she had made herself liable by the abuse she had made of the confidence which had been reposed in her.

Meanwhile diligent search was made for the other runaway, but Mary was more fortunate than her companion had been in eluding capture. A few days after her escape she arrived in Worcester, where she remained in hiding for some time. When she felt satisfied that she could travel in safety she went to Hartford. While in Hartford she made the acquaintance of a young mechanic named James Henry. Their acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy, and she informed him that she was to become a mother by him. Nothing would suit her but marriage under the circumstances. This Henry refused to agree to. She urged, threatened, and used every means in her power to induce him to

## ACCEDED TO HER REQUEST.

He persisted in his refusal, however, and fearing what the consequence might be should he remain in Hartford, he decided to leave the city. Without informing her of his intention he gathered his belongings and went to New London. Day after day passed and Mary, failing to see the man as she had been accustomed to, began to suspect that he had deserted her. Her inquiries soon resulted in her suspicions being confirmed, and she prosecuted them until she learned where her former lover had gone. Determining not to surrender her hopes, nor to abandon her attempt to force him to the action she desired, she went to New London and began a search for the man. Her search was a successful one, and, upon finding him, she repeated her proposition, which, as formerly, met with rejection. Her demands and her entreaties were again of no avail, their only effect being to make Henry resolve to again free himself from by flight. Watching this opportunity, he came to this city about two weeks since, leaving the woman in New London, and, as he supposed, without any knowledge of his new place of residence. She did not despair, however, but devoted herself to the work of following him, if possible. She succeeded in learning where he was, and a few days after he had arrived in this city, and had procured work in one of the down-town saw-mills, she appeared before him with the same demand. He finally agreed to become her husband, and early last week Hugh Daily, justice of the peace, made the two man and wife.

But Mary was destined to a short honeymoon. Perhaps her anxiety to induce Henry to consent to the reparation she demanded had caused her to use less caution than formerly to conceal her identity, or she had been betrayed by some of those in whom she had confided. However, the clew was obtained; the authorities of the institution from which she had escaped had learned of her presence in Worcester. From there she was traced to Hartford, then to New London and finally to this city. On Saturday a Springfield officer visited Chief Webster and procured the services of Detective Brewer to find the woman. After some hours the officers ascertained the residence of Henry and his wife to be in the house on the corner of Chapel and East streets. Saturday evening the officers entered the house, which they found unfastened, and knocked at the door of Henry's apartment. When the door was opened and the faces of the visitors were seen, the woman immediately recognized the Springfield officer. The color disappeared from her face in an instant, her knees trembled beneath her, and she narrowly escaped a fainting fit. When she partially recovered—she didn't need to be told the object of the visit—she burst forth with entreaties that she might not be

## TAKEN BACK TO PRISON.

Realizing that with a woman in her condition nothing was to be gained by force, the officers used mild measures, and finally induced her to accompany them to the police office. On arriving at police headquarters she was taken into the office of Chief Webster, and, after talking to her some time, the chief advised her that her wisest course would be to return to Springfield with the officer. The chief and detectives felt sympathy for the woman, she evidently having decided to reform, but they were compelled to do their duty. The woman's husband, although he had fled from her on two occasions previous to their marriage, seemed to have developed a true love for his wife since the ceremony was performed, and evidently participated in the suffering and grief which the arrest caused. To-day he will follow his wife, she having gone to Springfield with the officer Saturday night, and use his best endeavors to secure her release or a commutation of her sentence. As she has followed him to save her unborn child from the shame of illegitimacy, he will now follow her, attempting to free her from the double punishment which seems almost inevitable.

The story is a sad one. At an age when many young girls are in school, this one was treading the paths of sin, not the gay, exciting and careless life which some of those who follow these paths lead, but the dark and miserable

## LIFE OF A MAID OF THE PAVE.

This life she exchanged for that of a penitentiary, where every word must be spoken in a whisper, and where every breach of the rules is followed by severe punishment. She escaped, and her waking and sleeping moments were occupied with fears of arrest or dreams of punishment for escaping. Then came love, and her untiring efforts to secure him whom she loved. At last, when she had accomplished her object and was beginning a new and better life, and with fears of capture lulled, her happiness is ruined and she is returned to the gloomy prison, to not only serve out her sentence, but to experience the punishment which must ensue from her escape and capture.

## Not on the Scientific Plan.

A rattling rough-and-tumble fight took place early on the morning of the 9th inst. in a well known up-town resort for sporting men on the west side, between the champion of America, John J. Dwyer, of Brooklyn, and the giant of Troy, Paddy Ryan. It will be remembered that these two men have been talking fight for the last three years. John J. Dwyer was born at St. John's, Newfoundland, August 15, 1847, and when young was brought by his parents to the States. He is five feet nine and one-half inches in height and weighs 210 pounds. His chest measures 41½ inches, forearm 16¼ inches. He has had numerous off-hand fights, but has never fought in a prize ring but once, when he conquered James Elliott at Long Point, Canada, May 8, 1878, for \$2,000 and the championship of America.

Paddy Ryan, the Trojan, was born in Ireland, and was matched in June last against Dwyer for \$2,000 and the championship of America. He is known in Troy as the Connemara "ram." He is in his 27th year, stands six feet two inches high, and weighs 210 pounds. His friends say that he is plucky. Dwyer entered the sporting resort where Ryan was sitting, after having indulged somewhat in stimulants. Dwyer had also been drinking a little. For three hours a discussion was carried on as to the relative merits of Dwyer and Ryan. After a while Ryan accused Dwyer of having him "double banked" by his gang some time ago in Brooklyn, when three of Ryan's teeth were knocked out and he was being stabbed and kicked. He was laid up for three weeks. This, his friends said, was the reason he failed to meet Dwyer that time in a fair stand-up fight.

Dwyer positively denied that he had anything to do with the double banking, and said that on the contrary he protected and saved Ryan's life.

All the party shook hands and became friends. Dwyer went outside, but this did not suit the gang. A number of mischief makers went after Dwyer and told him to come back, as Ryan had said that he would "smash him in the nose." The consequence was that Dwyer entered the bar room again, and, walking rashly toward Ryan, asked him if he had said that he would smash him in the nose. Ryan said:

"Yes, provided you were the author of the words in your challenge that I was a looking-glass fighter." Dwyer said he was the author. At it they went. Ryan sent in a blow on Dwyer's face, covering it with blood, and then threw him down on the floor, with a heavy thud. After a terrible struggle of seven minutes Dwyer was picked up off the floor, as weak as a baby. Several other rough-and-tumble fights took place while the *melee* was going on, in which a well known Brooklyn alderman got badly handled. Ryan, when taken off of Dwyer, was in a terrible rage. He scattered his friends like chaff, and rushing at Dwyer, like a roaring lion, hit him three or four sledge-hammer blows. Dwyer, who was sitting in his chair, never raised his hands to resent the attack. After both men were washed off, Dwyer wanted to go out of town and have it out in a fair stand-up fight. Ryan said "All right," but, under a misunderstanding of Dwyer's proposition, went out into the middle of the street to fight Dwyer, but he was called back by his friends, who told him that was no place to fight, as the police would arrest them. Finally it was arranged that the men should go out of town and fight. Both Ryan and Dwyer agreed to this. Ryan and his friends drove in coaches to the Rossmore Hotel, but the friends of Dwyer, who was badly bruised, elected that he should be taken to his home. This fight has caused a great deal of comment in the various sporting resorts. The police sent out a general alarm to stop the fight, and all the principal avenues and roads leading out of town were watched. McComb's Dam Bridge was guarded by officers, who were in hopes of arresting the combatants and preventing the fight.

## A PRECIOUS PAIR.

St. Louis Detectives Capture Two of the  
Most Notorious "Cracks" in the Busi-  
ness.

St. Louis, Dec. 7.—Detectives Rahill, Tucker, Huthsing and Page made a very important capture last night, and one for which they deserve great credit. They were waiting in the vicinity of a "fence house" for a pair of "supper sneaks," or thieves who work dwellings while the family are at tea, when two individuals happened along bent on "putting about their swag," and were promptly collared. The officers were at first unaware of the identity of their men, and when this was disclosed more than congratulated themselves on the result of their mission. The captured pair turned out to be Val Burke, a man whose name figures prominently in the criminal history of this country, and who is regarded as one of the

## SHARPEST CONEYMEN IN THE BUSINESS,

and his partner, Bill C. Wicht, alias Wist, alias Burnside, alias Lewis, who has an unenviable reputation for crookedness, and whose aliases serve as pegs upon which to hang a great many rascally transactions. Wicht had in his possession when taken a fine seal sash containing under his coat and a quantity of costly jewelry, silver spoons marked with the initials "J. R.," and several valuable gold and silver watches. Burke also had considerable value stowed away in his clothes, represented by a gold and a silver watch, a gold chain and a pair of opera glasses. These men are two of a gang who have been working this town pretty extensively of late, and they with their pals, if they have any, are no doubt responsible for some, if not all, the recent burglaries which have taken place here. Their capture was no easy matter to the detectives, for the men, finding themselves face to face with the officers, made an effort to escape. They broke for an alley near by, into which the detectives followed, and, overtaking them, a scuffle ensued, which was lively and interesting for a time.

## THEY WERE OVERPOWERED,

however, and marched to the Four Courts, where the search was made and the "swag" enumerated above disclosed. They were locked up, and are lying in their cells this morning, sorrowful that they forgot the Sunday school lessons learned many years ago, and especially grieved they started on last night's intended visit to the "fence." Both men knew what it was to be shorn of their liberty. They have breathed the atmosphere of prison life before, and are thoroughly capable of realizing the danger in which they stand just now of breathing it again for a pretty long time to come. Val Burke was a whilom pal of Fred. Biebusch's, and was sent to jail in 1870 for shoving the "queer." He was collared in 1868 with \$50,000 in counterfeit United States notes, the collar having been made by Detective Reinhardt, who narrowly escaped being shot by him. He was convicted and sent to the "Pen," out of which he was pardoned in 1877, after having made herculean efforts towards securing his release. For over a quarter century he has been

## KNOWN AS A "LIGHT WORKER,"

and is one of the cleverest of the noted cracksmen. Wicht was arrested in the fall of 1875, for implication in a number of startling burglaries which were committed about that time. It will be remembered the community was thrown into a fever of excitement by the number and the success of these exploits, and a great deal of valuable property was taken by the thieves. Wicht was arrested on the 26th of Nov. of that year, and five indictments were found against him a short time after. It was charged that he was one of the gang who entered the Gottschalk, Anderson and other residences, making heavy hauls therefrom. In January, 1876, and while waiting for his trial, he made a clever attempt to escape, and came very near succeeding. With a piece of tin or zinc taken from the water-spout he cut a hole fourteen inches square in the heavy plate at the back of his iron cell in the second tier of the jail, and, having let himself down into the "bull-ring," was engaged in sawing one of the half-inch iron bars of the window, and had half completed his job when he was surprised by the guard and again placed in secure quarters. A short time after he was bailed out, jumped his bond, and was not seen again until captured last night. The burglaries committed in this city within the past two weeks, including the Laffin haul, aggregate about \$25,000, for which it is thought Val Burke and his pal of many aliases are mainly responsible.

## A Wretch Unhung.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 6.—A most heinous crime was committed in the First ward of this city about 3 o'clock this morning. Samuel Whittaker, a married man, twenty-six years old, outraged the person of a pretty young Polish woman named Mrs. Emma Michaelk in a brutal and fiendish manner. Whittaker went to the house early in the evening, and, after remaining a short while, left, asking Michaelk to go out with him to get something to drink. It is supposed that the unsuspecting Polander was drugged after having taken a drink or two.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning the two men returned to the Michaelk mansion and rapped for admittance. Mrs. Michaelk, supposing it was her husband, got up and went to the front door in her night clothes. When she opened the door her husband staggered in, followed by Whittaker, who immediately slammed the door. Michaelk was so drunk that he fell on the floor and was instantly in a deadly stupor.

Whittaker made some indecent proposals to the woman, who attempted to leave the room, screaming lustily. The scoundrel caught her, and, throwing her in one corner, choked her nearly to death. He held his hand over her mouth, and, lifting her up, placed her on the bed, where he accomplished his lustful designs.

As soon as he released the woman she ran from the house with nothing on but a petticoat and chemise,

and barefooted, not daring to stop until she had gone several squares over the rough, frozen pavement. She finally found a policeman, who returned to her house with her. She was almost frozen to death, and what few garments she had on were torn to shreds. Her husband was still lying on the floor, apparently dead. Antidotes and remedies were administered, and after an hour's working he was able to realize the horrible state of affairs. A search was made, and Whittaker was arrested about 8 o'clock. He admitted his crime and was locked up, not being admitted to bail. He is a medium-sized, unprepossessing man, and has a wife and two children.

Mrs. Michaelk is only eighteen years old, and has been married but two years.

## AN UNGRATEFUL WRETCH.

First Destroys His Employer's Domestic  
Peace, and Then Murders Him in Cold  
Blood.

MONMOUTH, Ill., Dec. 5.—William Ketchum was murdered at Swan Creek on Wednesday night. Swan Creek is the extreme southern township in Warren county, about twenty-five miles from the Mississippi river. Monmouth is the county seat. A small stream, known as Swan Creek, flows peacefully across the township, and from this creek the town of Swan Creek derives its name. The settlement of this locality dates back to 1817 and the town was laid out in 1871 after the completion of what was then known as the Rockford, Rock Island and St. Louis railroad, since purchased by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and now known as the St. Louis Division of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. The town proper contains about 200 inhabitants, and has the stores and accompaniments of an ordinary western town. About two miles northeast of the town of Swan Creek is a settlement of coal miners, who obtain a livelihood by working the coal bank which abounds there. To this locality came William Ketchum, a coal miner, some three years since, and bringing his wife and children, made his home in an humble cabin and leased a coal bank. Henry Boyle, an unmarried man, a coal digger, the time of whose coming is unknown, was employed by Ketchum to help with the banks. Boyle boarded with Ketchum, and while a guest of his household became

## TOO INTIMATE WITH KETCHUM'S WIFE.

In consequence of this intimacy on Tuesday last Ketchum administered to Boyle a severe trouncing, and forbade him the premises. Boyle went to the town of Swan Creek, and purchasing a gallon of a villainous compound that passes for whiskey among the coal miners, and procuring a revolver and brandishing it, swore he was going to kill Bill Ketchum. The latter, deprived of the assistance of his employe, remained at the banks until 12 o'clock on Wednesday night. Arriving at his cabin a few minutes after that hour, he went to the unoccupied of the two beds in the house, cast aside his overalls and boots, and laid down to sleep. Boyle, who, it is supposed, had been lying in wait for his victim, entered the cabin, his familiarity with the premises serving his purpose, and placing the revolver close to his victim's temple, fired and fled.

The wife and little ones were aroused by the crack of the revolver, and the oldest boy, aged nine, was dispatched for the neighbors, but before they arrived Ketchum was dead. Boyle appeared on the premises early next morning before the news had spread, and informed the family that it was reported that

## KETCHUM HAD COMMITTED SUICIDE.

Sheriff Bond was notified by telegram yesterday morning, and sent from Monmouth to the seat of the murder, and promptly offered \$100 reward for Boyle's arrest, with a posse composed of persons acquainted with Boyle. The sheriff himself met the accused on a lonely road, and commanded him to halt. "What do you want with me?" was the response. The sheriff making no reply, Boyle again yelled, "What in h—l do you want with me?" and started to run, when the officer brought his gun to bear on him and commanded him to stand still and hold up his hands. Boyle complied by raising his left hand and kept his right hand in his overcoat pocket. The command to elevate his right hand was also emphasized, and the sheriff approached and arrested him. In the right hand pocket of Boyle's overcoat was found the revolver, with one chamber empty.

The prisoner was brought to Monmouth and lodged in jail. He is a square-built man, twenty-five years old, and of Irish descent. He denies all knowledge of the crime, although there is sufficient circumstantial evidence against him. Coroner Young is holding an inquest on the remains of the victim. The inquest began at 10 o'clock this morning and is not yet concluded. Ketchum's age is thirty-nine, and he leaves a wife and three children. There have been several murders committed in this county, but there has never in its history been an execution. Public opinion is much against Boyle, and unless some other power than the people of Warren county intervenes, he will in all probability meet with the punishment which his act deserves.

## The Woes of a Chinaman.

[Subject of Illustration.]

All Yea is a child of the Flowery Kingdom, who keeps, or did keep, an establishment at 529 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, for the renovation of the soiled linen of the 'Melican man. Among his customers was Charles Steffens, just eighteen years old, but a sharp character though so tender in years, who resided in the adjoining house. On the 8th, Steffens, as it appears, went into All Yea's establishment to get his wash. While therein a quarrel arose between them as to the settlement of the bill, which resulted in Steffens attacking the Celestial with a clothes-pole, in the end of which was fastened a nail. The Chinaman claimed that it was a murderous one. Steffens insisted that it was a mere accident, brought about by the cussedness of the Chinaman, and meanwhile Steffens is held under bail to answer for the assault.



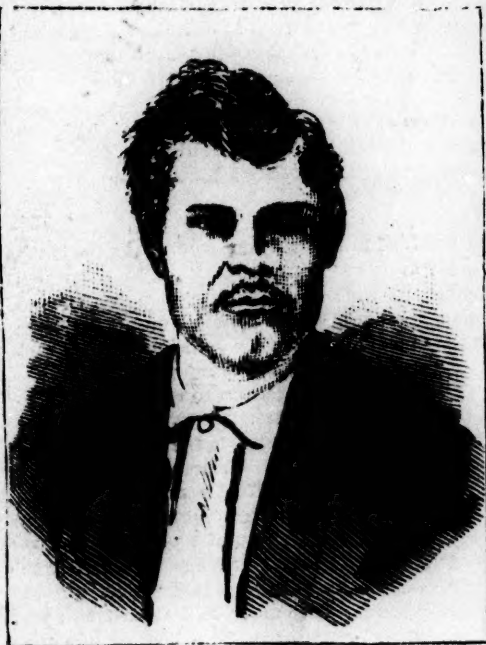
### Sensational Scene in Court.

Hugh Shaw is a well-known and highly respectable man residing in Clinton county, Pa. Toward him, for some unknown reason, a man by the name of Hamilton had ill will; and, one evening, as Mr. Shaw, with his wife and two daughters, were sitting on the porch of his residence, Hamilton drove up and in the foulest terms denounced Mr. Shaw.

Among other things, in language unfit for publication, Hamilton accused Shaw of improper intimacy with a certain woman at camp meeting. This slanderous and obscene talk, in the presence of his wife and daughters, so angered Mr. Shaw that he picked up a rock and hurled it at his villifier. The missile struck the wheel of Hamilton's wagon and thence rebounded and hit Hamilton without hurting him. Soon after this occurrence Hamilton had Shaw arrested on a charge of assault and battery, and to his charge Mr. Shaw, rather than have the ladies of the family enter court to testify to the foul language, pleaded guilty. On Thursday the counsel for Hamilton insisted that the court should sentence Mr. Shaw. Judge Cummin called upon Hamilton to state the particulars of the occurrence, and he did so, substantially as above presented. Mr. Shaw also stated the facts, adding that he should not have pleaded guilty to the charge but to save his wife and daughters from public annoyance. Judge Cummin then proceeded to inflict the sentence of the court substantially as follows: "Mr. Shaw, you unfortunately made two mistakes in this matter. The first was that you did not select a larger rock and use more accuracy of aim when that scoundrel (pointing the judicial index finger at Hamilton) insulted you in the presence of your family. The second mistake was that you pleaded guilty to the charge, and we are compelled to sentence you to pay a nominal fine and the costs. A man who would thus insult another in the presence of his family, has no rights which courts or juries are bound to respect, and if you had stood your trial the costs would have doubtless have been put upon the prosecutor. The sentence of the court is that you pay a fine of one dollar and costs of prosecution."

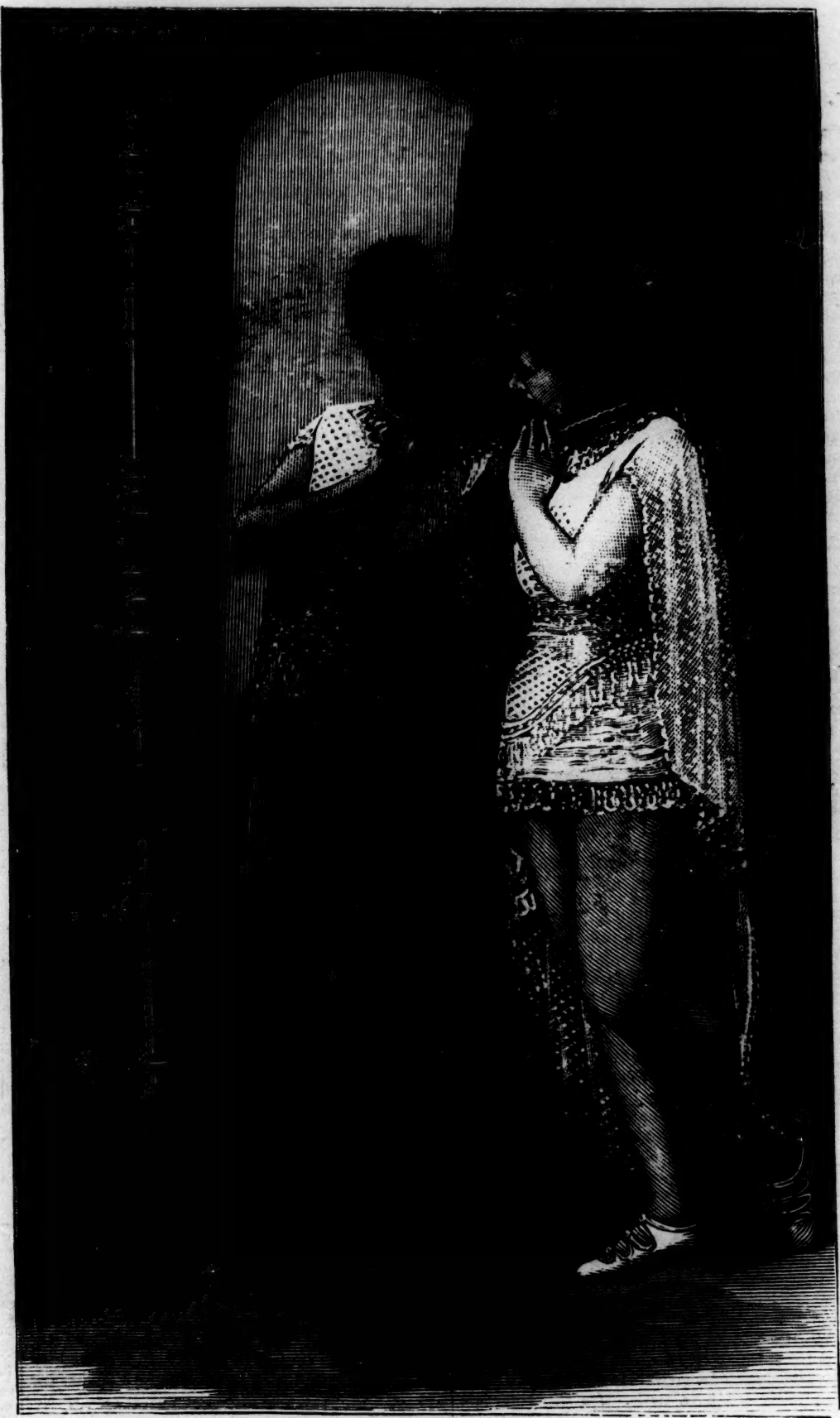
### A Convict's Romance.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Dec. 2.—A romantic case came to light to-day by the arrest of an escaped convict who had been confined in the Northern Indiana Penitentiary. The man's name is William Morrison, and his case and attempt to escape are interesting. Last April he was arrested, and charged with the larceny of a half-dozen geese, and he was convicted and sent



JOSEPH SEMINOLE, ACCUSED OF THE MURDER OF RANCHER HAYWARD, NEAR GOLDEN, COL. [PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE GAZETTE BY J. COLLIER, DENVER.]

up from this county for a year. He had served about eight months, and had only a short time more to remain. He was a trusted prisoner, and the duties of a teamster had been assigned to him. His wife is dead, but he has four children whom he has longed to see, and the yearning to come home was so great that it was irresistible, and so Saturday afternoon he left the Penitentiary when opportunity presented itself. He still wore the garb of a convict, and this would be a great obstacle in his way to secure his freedom for any length of time; he by some means obtained a long rubber coat which he wore, but had discarded before he was arrested. He secreted himself in a c-r, and for two days he suffered extremely from the cold and hunger. He almost froze to death, and the cravings of his appetite prompted him to give himself up and suffer the consequences. He was about to emerge from the car and escape to the woods near Reynolds, Indiana, when he was observed by conductor Dunke, and taken in charge. Chief Ruby of this city was telegraphed, and this morning he secured his man when the train arrived, and lodg-



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MISS PAULINE MARKHAM, THE QUEEN OF THE BURLESQUE STAGE.—SEE PAGE 2.

ed him in our County Jail to await the action of Warden Murdock. Morrison says he was innocent of the charge, and that he ought not to have been sent to the Penitentiary. He says he was foolish in trying to escape but he could not longer withstand the temptation to do so.

### A Singular Death.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 6.—Charles Freel, a young man about nineteen years old, met with a fearful death last night. He was riding the mules of the canal-

boat "John Berry" along the tow-path near Lockland when suddenly he was overcome with an apoplectic fit, with which he had often been troubled. He fell from the mule he was riding and rolled senseless into the mud of the ditch alongside, where his face sank beneath the mire, producing strangulation and death. The night was dark and nobody missed him until the boat reached what is known as Willow Patch Bridge, where the driver is generally released. Then it was discovered that he was missing. Search was immediately made by the canal-boatmen, and with much difficulty, for the night was



A PLUCKY SOUTHERN WOMAN'S PERFORMANCE—MRS. BALDWIN OVERAWES A DESPERATE ESCAPED NEGRO CONVICT WHOM HER HUSBAND HAD ARRESTED ON THE HIGHWAY AND FRIGHTENS HIM INTO SUBMISSION AT THE MUZZLE OF THE REVOLVER; NEAR FLORESVILLE, TEX.

dark. The body of the unfortunate youth was found almost buried beneath the mud. The corpse was carried up to the tow-path and afterward placed on the canal-boat Florida, which brought it to the city. Coroner Carrick held an inquest on the body and rendered a verdict in accordance with the above facts.

### Ruffians on the Rampage.

GREENVILLE, O., Dec. 7.—The good citizens of Hollansburg, this county, half a mile from the Indiana line, which has a population of about five hundred, are grossly insulted, and call upon the county officials for assistance for putting down the repeated disturbances that are kicked up there whenever a religious meeting is held. Last night they held services in the Methodist Church, and several roughs came well charged with the spirits of frumenty, and almost broke the meeting up by yelping, and pounding on the platform and church, and raising the devil generally. The annoyance was so offensive that the preacher stopped preaching, and the congregation were tempted to leave.

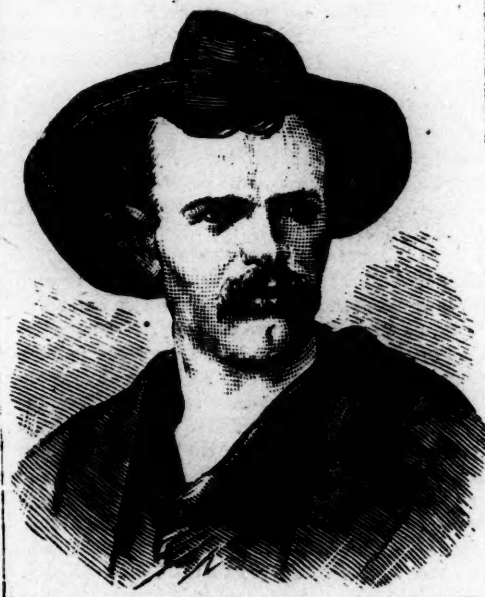
Mr. Sells, a member of the church, was sent to the door, but he was driven back by threats and profane words. The citizens are completely vexed, and do not know what to do. A lady, who had occasion to go out of church with her child, was addressed by one of the villainous bullies in an insulting manner. The lady hurried into the house, but her friends were afraid to avenge the insult. The same unruly scamps, after attending a dance the same night, walked through the streets and shot their revolvers off in all directions, and came near doing bad work, as some of the bullets struck houses.

Yesterday a young man of that village, George Robertson, who is a member of an influential family, and whose parents are wealthy, deliberately walked into the house of Mrs. Loudenslager, a mile southeast, in the absence of her husband, and made insulting proposals, which she indignantly repelled. He then, it is alleged, violently attempted to rape her. Mr. Loudenslager came to Greenville at daylight this morning and secured a warrant for Robertson's arrest, which will be done in a day or two. The authorities of Darke county are earnestly requested to do something before blood is shed, which will inevitably be the consequence.

### A Southern Woman's Plucky Performance.

[Subject of Illustration.]

GALVESTON, TEX., Dec. 8.—A few days ago half a dozen prisoners escaped from jail at Floresville, in this state and were supposed to have left the country, as all efforts to trace them by the authorities failed.



SAM. WOODRUFF, ALLEGED ACCOMPLICE OF SEMINOLE IN THE HAYWARD MURDER. [PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE GAZETTE BY J. COLLIER, DENVER.]

Not long after the delivery, however, a Mr. Baldwin, a man of known courage as well as public spirit, while out driving with his wife, met one of the fugitives, a negro of known desperate character. Mr. Baldwin could readily have passed him without incurring any risk as the darkey would have been only too glad to allow him to do so. But Mr. Baldwin's ideas of his own on the matter of the duties of citizenship. These impelled him to spring from his wagon and collar the runaway at the risk of his life. The negro was a burly fellow and enraged at the prospect of recapture fought desperately and would probably have succeeded in overpowering if not in murdering his assailant and in making good his escape, when Mrs. Baldwin, a woman of entirely feminine character but of as unflinching pluck in proportion as her husband, and who had been meanwhile engaged in successfully controlling the frightened team, managed to draw a pistol, and pointing it square at the negro at once cowed him into submission.

George Munson, confined in jail at Paris, Mich., on a life sentence for murder, escaped on the 7th.



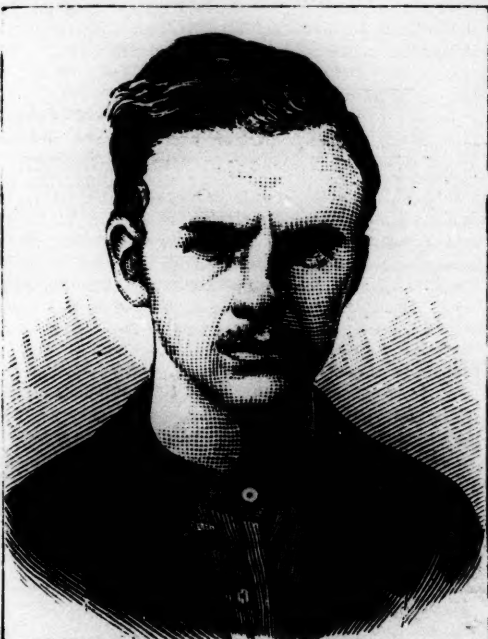
### Feverish Love.

The Memphis, Tenn., *Appeal* gives the following account of how even love is quarantined in the plague-stricken city: The acclimated young man who has to work for his living cannot afford to marry an unacclimated girl, one who has not had the fever. Even the richest merchants and largest property owners complain of the expense of running away and summering up north for four months in the year. The acclimated girl is a treasure in Memphis. She may not have yellow hair, but if she had yellow fever she is worth a mint of money as a household gift. The unacclimated young man who has to work for a living cannot afford to marry at all, because he cannot pick himself and wife up every summer and skedaddle towards the polar star. Among the courtship questions propounded prior to asking a girl to marry you are the important ones: "Miss —, have you ever had the yellow fever?" "Was it a typical case?" "Are you certain your physician was correct in his diagnosis of your case?" If the answers are not quite satisfactory other questions might be put that would develop the desired facts.

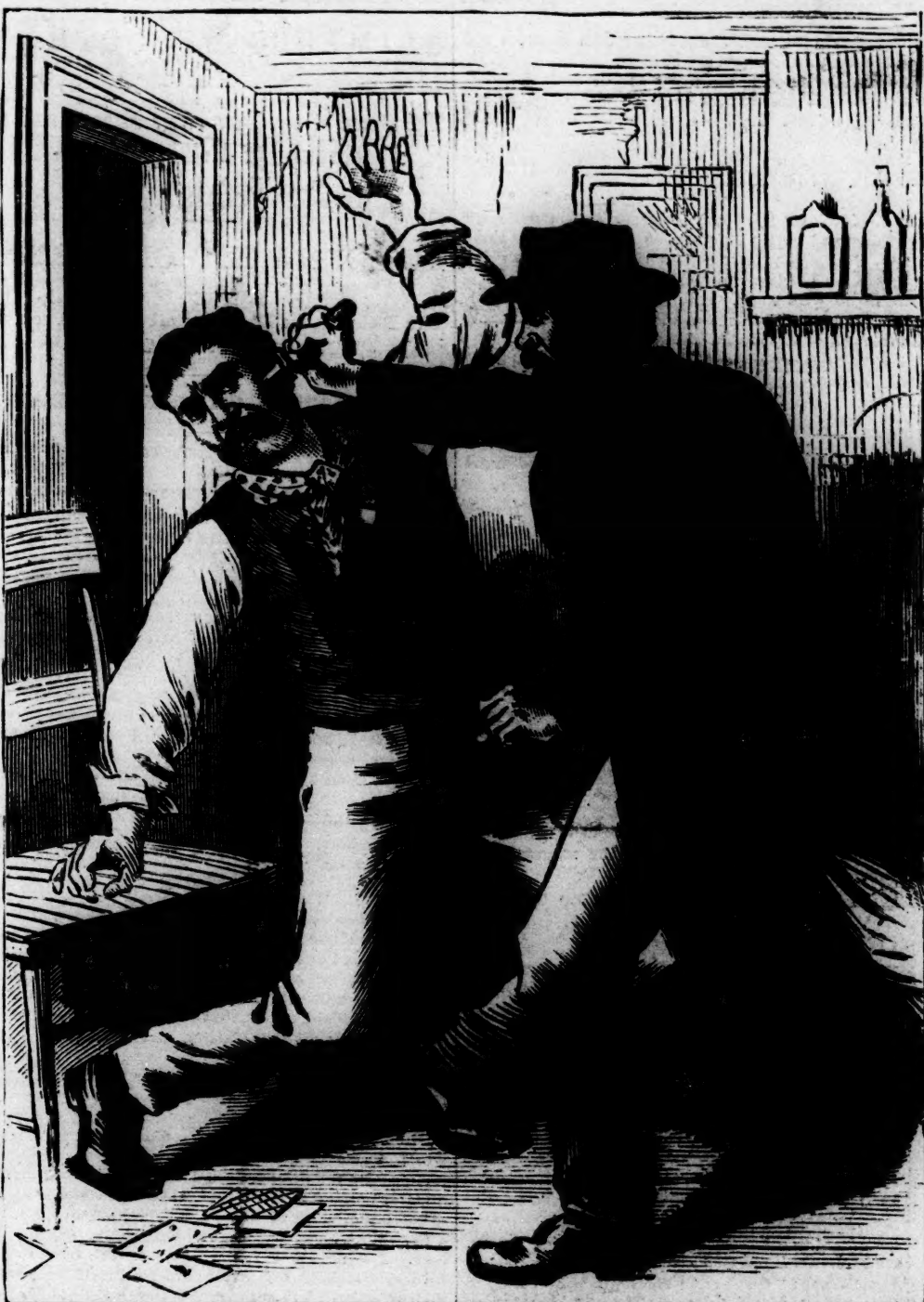
### A Brutal Father.

[Subject of Illustration.]

NEW HAVEN, Dec. 4.—A man named Upton was arrested yesterday in Ansonia for having caused the



HANTZ DE BOER, THE VILLAINOUS ASSAILANT OF MISS MARTIN.



FRANK BELLO, AN ITALIAN, FATALLY STABS HIS FRIEND ANTONIO CELEN-DONO IN HIS OWN ROOMS, THE LATTER HAVING INTERFERED IN A QUARREL OVER A GAME OF CARDS; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 7.

death of his infant child. According to his wife's story he came home drunk a few nights since, and, quarrelling with her, threw a lighted lamp at her. The lamp fell into the cradle and set fire to the clothing of the child. In her endeavor to extinguish the flames the mother's clothing caught fire, and she will probably die. The infant lived a few hours only. The two had been married two years, and had hitherto lived happily together.

### United in Death.

[Subject of Illustration.]

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 2.—Yesterday afternoon a shocking accident occurred on the river near Baraboo, about sixty miles from this city. A young man and two young ladies, who were skating, broke through the ice, and were all three drowned. The unfortunate persons were: Henry Cordiss, aged twenty-two; Lilly Heart, aged eighteen, and Jessie Young, a lovely young girl, seventeen years old, daughter of the sheriff. The accident is made especially distressing from the fact that young Cordiss and Miss Heart were to be married in one week from the fatal day that ended their lives. The bodies of the two were found a few hours after the accident clasped in each other's arms, but clasped more closely in death's cold embrace. Forty or fifty people are engaged in dragging the river, but up to the latest reports Miss Young's body had not been found.



MISS ELLA MARTIN, OUTRAGED AND MURDERED BY HANTZ DE BOER.



FATAL AFFRAY IN A GAMBLING HELL—HENRY CURREY MORTALLY WOUNDED BY JOHN WILLIAMS IN A QUARREL GROWING OUT OF A WOMAN-SCRAPE, NASHVILLE, TENN.—1—JOHN WILLIAMS, THE ASSAILANT. 2—HENRY CURREY, THE VICTIM. 3—PEARL WILSON THE ALLEGED CAUSE OF THE TRAGEDY. [FROM A SKETCH AND PORTRAITS BY A GAZETTE ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 3.]



## MIDNIGHT PICTURES.

A Series of Illustrated Sketches of New York's Gas-Lit Life.

## SIXTH AVENUE AGAIN.

Trying to Snare a Soiled Dove.

BY AN OLD BOUNDER.

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]

Sixth avenue, after midnight, has often been the scene of little dramas, with the pavement as the stage and the street lamp the substitute for footlights, which excel in pathos, in power, in the deep, quick insight they give into the depths of degradation to which it is possible for human beings to descend, which far excel, I repeat, the carefully constructed stories told at the theatres.

I have one to speak of now. It is the story of a father foiled in his attempt to reclaim his daughter from a life of shame. This case is by no means an isolated one. If you watch the newspapers closely you will frequently find it duplicated in all its sad details.

It was between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets, and about 1 o'clock in the morning. The avenue was very brilliant. The dancing places had sent out squads of richly dressed *habitués* to swell the promenading throng, already a rather pretentious one.

Two couples were approaching each other. One consisted of an elderly gentleman, erect and dignified in his bearing, but showing to-night the traces of extreme agitation. The one with him was an officer of the police in civilian's dress. As they walked along the old gentleman kept peering into the bold, painted faces of the girls who passed him, and each time he did it I noticed that disappointment and pleasure were equally represented in the expression of his countenance.

He was afraid to find what he was so anxiously looking for.

Nearer and nearer the two couples came. Fate had arranged it for them to meet.

The other two were a young man and a bright, pretty girl. He was the regular *fleur* of Sixth avenue, a trifle less rowdyish than the swell of the Bowery, and not quite nobly enough for a Broadway or Fifth avenue sportsman. He was dressed in a loud style, wore his immaculately brushed hat a little to one side and swaggered, rather than walked. The girl occupied one of his arms. With the other hand he kept twirling his mustache, or arranging his hair, which was redolent of bay rum.

The young woman was still very pretty, was fresh and sparkling even. At times she would seem to shrink back when the bolder women passed her, to actually recoil at their language, but in another moment she would laugh merrily at something her companion said and strive to force upon herself a gaiety to suit the scene.

It was just as she had succeeded in arriving at a bravado state that the four people met.

The officer looked first at the young girl when the old gentleman signalled to halt, and then at the man by her side.

The father gazed upon his child and stretched his hands out to her, while the tears came to his eyes and his voice quavered so with long-suppressed emotion that he could hardly utter the words:

"Come, Lucy, come to your father. All will be forgiven, my child. Come with me home, where your mother, your heart-broken mother, awaits you."

She had shrunk back, and clasped both her arms about the one of the scoundrel upon which she had been leaning. Her form trembled, and she could not speak. Her escort whispered something in her ear. The officer remained passive, stern, immobile. It was not yet his time to act. Finally he spoke.

"Well, young lady, what is your decision? Will you go quietly with your father to the home you have been deceived from by such as the man you are with now, or shall I use the authority I possess and arrest you?"

At this statement the young man whispered to the girl again.

"You leave her alone," the officer said. "She is old enough to decide."

"I was just telling her," the fellow answered with a sneer, "that she was old enough to resist kidnapping."

"You villain!" exclaimed the father, raising his cane and stepping forward, "would you stand between that girl and both her temporal and eternal welfare?"

"Softly, Mr. —," the officer interrupted; "there is no use wasting words on one of these creatures. If it wasn't for the unfortunate girls of Sixth avenue and other streets they would starve."

"I guess they pay the police something, too, don't they?" the young man answered.

No attention was paid to this sally. Once more the officer said to the girl:

"Will you go with your father?"

"No, I won't," she answered, assuming a hardihood in tone and manner that half a glance showed to be thoroughly foreign to her nature.

"Then I will arrest you."

As the officer spoke he advanced and laid his hand upon her shoulder. Then, turning to her companion, he said:

"I would advise you to disappear. You can do nothing around here except interfere with me, and I don't want to be put to the disgusting necessity of taking you in. Some of the other young women will see to it that you get your usual quantity of rum."

The young woman resisted at first, and then became mildly hysterical. The father insisted upon a carriage. I knew the precinct to which they would go and so hastened there, anxious to see another act in the play.

In the station-house she displayed a sullen resistance to all influences working for her good. She positively refused to her home with her father, and still she was old enough to act as her own guardian, it was easy to see what the result would be in the courts. The father plead again, the tears coursing down his cheeks. She stood at the end of the desk, as cold, as beautiful as ice. The fresh young face seemed to have turned to carved stone. The officer who made the arrest on a regular issued warrant, lit a cigar and smoked it with positive enjoyment. The sergeant in charge wrote in his blotter with the imperturbability of a shipping clerk. It was a peculiar scene. The gas-jets flared on the group, and penetrated to a murky corridor beyond, where in one of the cells an intoxicated woman raved and swore in a manner to make the blood of a pirate turn cold.

Isat back against the wall in one of the chairs, and wondered how long it would be before the handsome woman at the desk, the one who had but just started on the downward path, would arrive at that stage of degradation.

There is nothing but herself to stop her. It has already

been tested in the courts. She is her own mistress and can become that of whom she chooses.

And so the play of the night ended. Exit a strong, broken-hearted man to his carriage, while the young girl is shown to a cell. The bolt shoots into its socket, and it is all over.

Whether the court scene, yet to be played, makes or mars her, will depend upon herself.

P. S.—I took the trouble to drop in at Jefferson Market next day and obtain information enough for this paragraph. Her mother and younger sister were with the father at the hearing. She coldly refused to have anything to do with them. Naturally she was discharged, and Sixth avenue claims her again. I should like to know the romance of this ruined life.

## SEASONING.

A PRETTY GIRL has a right to have arms. And most of them had just as sleeve do it.

NEVER despise a mustache when it is down. It may bristle up and make a good showing in time.

A Delaware woman has buried her seventh husband, and resurrection day there will be a lively game of seven up.

ONE of the Khedive's wives has eloped from his harem with an Italian painter, and Italy's peace trembles in the balance.

WHEN the landlady puts up the price of board the fourth floor back tenant performs the same operation with his watch.

"DARLING husband," she said, "am I not your treasure?" "Certainly," he replied, "and I should like to lay you up in heaven."

GERSTER sings "Rock-a-by-baby," with genuine feeling just now, and does it gratis in the bargain. The audience weighs ten pounds.

CARLOTTA PATTI thinks it worth \$25,000 to be accused of being drunk, and sues the *Dispatch* Printing Company of St. Louis, Mo., for that amount.

SOME "horrid brute" has discovered that the difference between an umbrella and a woman is that there are times when you can shut up an umbrella.

FIREMAN LYNCH had a rousing benefit at Niblo's on the afternoon of the 10th. Manager Ed. Gilmore deserves great credit for the interest he took in the affair.

CAPTAIN WEBB, the champion swimmer, is going to San Francisco. If he can keep his head above water in that city he will do what many others cannot do.

PUT away his shoe and stocking.

Put away his painted stick.  
At the Golden Gate he's knocking—  
Little Willie. Let him R. I. P.

THE St. Louis *Republican* gives the following receipt for a quick soup: "One gallon reservoir water, heat to boiling point and season to taste. If too thin add more water."

MAY FISK's English blondes will show their figures in Bradford, Pa., shortly, and the baldheads of that town have commenced to economize for a whole week's attendance.

GENERAL GRANT kissed a spinster in Cincinnati the other day, and now the old maids of the country insist that he is the only man who can save the country from going to smash.

THE man who bet \$150 he could eat one quail a day for thirty days won the money, and now offers to put up \$500 that he can eat two quail a day for sixty days. Sporting men all quit before the offer.

THE maidens of Chenango county are getting desperate. They have adopted the following: "Resolved, That if we, the young ladies of Bainbridge, don't get married this year, somebody will be to blame."

FANNY DAVENPORT and her Pricey Price furnished the audience of a western city with an exhibition of domestic billing and cooing, unconsciously, and one enthusiastic individual fainted away with envy.

STORE windows begin to look gorgeous in their holiday apparel. Women stand by the hour gazing upon the rich fabrics presented to view, and they at last go inside and purchase three cents' worth of hairpins!

A CHILD has been born in Massachusetts with two tongues. Strangely enough it is a boy, and if he lives and chooses to work himself up on politics, instead of working for a living, he has a great future before him.

THERE was an old lady, Van Cott,

Who made her last sermon, so hot

That the house took fire

And a man in the choir

Cried out in his anguish, "Mein Gott!"

M'LLE MARIMON, like all new prima donnas who

come to this country, is at present doing the "sick act"

with good advertising results, and Mapleson laughs in his

sleeve at his success in hoodwinking the "blawsted" Yankees.

"ANY burglars in this town?" a traveler asked a villager in western Tennessee. "Well, no, not now, stranger. They was a couple of 'em here last spring, but one night they broke into the editor's house and starved to death before they could get out."

ADAM RICHMOND thinks her lady support in her company a set of "chronic kickers." The fair Adam receives a brace for duets every evening before commencing her performance, but a little "taffy" on her part bridges the difficulty—until the next day.

WHEN inflationist Dick Schell stood looking through the golden gate of Paradise at the golden streets and palaces within, his eyelids drooped and he was sad. But the gate-keeper, opening the gate, said: "Brother, come in." Thereupon Dick bolted through the gate, and staved not until he reached the 'Change of the Celestial City, where he immediately bought ten thousand shares in the Purgatory Railroad.

THE papers have agitated the subject of good-looking girls complaining of impertinence on the street from men, some of them citing cases where women had to take refuge in stores from would-be admirers. We think it is time that the good-looking men should step forward and tell their story. When Edwin Booth was on one of his trips didn't a woman want to kiss him, and didn't she pay him for the privilege, and have not other men of equal beauty and less fame been followed, looked at, admired and put almost to blush by impertinent women? Of course they have—this hue and cry on the part of silly women is all nonsense. Any woman who carries herself modestly and quietly can go anywhere at proper times with safety.

"Even the lion will turn and flee  
From the maid in the pride of her purity."

## GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

The Blaze of the Broadway Bazaars, and the Throngs of Holiday Money-Spenders.

## BUYING A BIT OF RIBBON.

The Palaces on Eighth and Sixth Avenues Where Sweethearts Meet.

## A NICE, MORAL CHRISTMAS DRAMA.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]

These are pre-eminently the shopping days, and no study of New York life would be complete that did not embrace a consideration of Gotham's comely matrons and lovely daughters when they are on what might be called the extravagant rampage.

Between the Thanksgiving turkey and the Christmas bird there is a perceptible holiday flavor in the atmosphere. Store windows bloom like flower gardens. Paris pours in her novelties. The toy and confectionery businesses assume gigantic proportions, so much so that bonbons and painted balloons are gradually looked upon as necessities by the unfortunate citizen who has nephews and nieces to remember.

A stroll along upper Broadway just now shows you that there is no such thing as a lack of money, and that if there ever was a time when people were

"Hard up, hard up  
For want of food and fire,  
A-tying of their shoes up  
With little bits of wire,"

that time has long since been under the daisies. I do not doubt that if we went over on the East side and nosed about among the cellars and damp, reeking rooms of rotting rookeries we might discover human beings who need such commonplace holiday goods as bread and meat.

I have no doubt, either, that a good square meal to them would possess all the novelty and unfrequency of a holiday.

But there is no necessity to wander amid the odors of the far East or West. It is the gladsome money-spending time of the year, and if we haven't any money of our own to sling about, nor any purple-embroidered carriage in which the clerks can toss our packages, we can at least mingle with the throng, flatten our noses against the five hundred dollars' worth of plate glass in the windows, and so catch something of the opulent spirit of the hour.

The animation of the scene is recompense enough anyhow. I often enjoy ten minutes on one of Stewart's corners watching the swell girls getting in and out of their equipages, and noticing the starched flunkeyism of the well-fed and warmly-clad coachmen. The private police at Stewart's are also funny creatures to me. They are so awkward, so solemn and so pretentious in their ungainly uniforms that they suggest the "beef-eaters" at the Tower of London. I imagine they are of the same utility. I have never seen them do anything else than call carriages, open and shut carriage doors and raise and lower umbrellas. These services performed, each one picks out the particular flagstone to which he has become attached and goes on with his imitation of a lamp-post.

Broadway shopping is the most aristocratic, but in order to enjoy the bustle and activity you must go over on the avenues, Sixth and Eighth. Since 1873 these thoroughfares, taking advantage of the genuine hard times and the difference in the rental of stores as compared with those on Broadway, have developed an enormous business in all articles appertaining to women's wear. It is not *de rigueur* for the point lace people to shop on a West side avenue, any more than it would be the correct thing for them to get their bonnets in Division street; but when you can procure the material for a dress in a Sixth avenue shop ten dollars cheaper than the same stuff would cost on Broadway—and there is nothing harder to do than lie about the purchase—it is the most natural thing in the world to find ladies from St. James patronizing store-keepers who began business in St. Giles.

The whole transaction is no more than a little bit of innocent deception. When I used to hire a coupe by the month—I think it was used at night to meet trains at Desbrosses street—I never told people that it wasn't my own trap, and no doubt had I been cross-questioned on the subject I would have imperiled any chances I might have then possessed for becoming a first-class harp player in the next life by coolly asserting that I owned the entire "caboodle."

I often think that it was only the attenuated and forlorn condition of the horse which saved me from this sin. Richard III. would have wanted to fall from the offer of his kingdom to two dollars and a half if that steed had been proffered him in the emergency of Bosworth field.

The shopping that is being done now is of the genuine order. Clerks and salesmen are not exercised in vain. Palpable goods are purchased and genuine bills made out for desperate men to swear over when they are presented.

But in how many instances the shopping business of the average New York woman is a fraud, a device to kill time and salesmen at the smallest degree of expense. I once knew a young lady who came very near joining me matrimonially in starting a poor but highly intellectual branch of the Prowler family. It is not necessary to particularize any more than to state that the golden bowl is broken and the dream has faded. She was disposed of at a panic price to a genuine Italian count, who now keeps a barber shop in Chicago.

She was the "boss" shopper. I have heard her announce at the mutual breakfast table of the Lexington avenue boarding house, where first I saw her, that she had a certain shade of ribbon to match, she wanted just a quarter of a yard, and that it was her intention to devote the forenoon to its purchase. For fear that she might not be able to get through the work unaided, she would press two other ladies into the service. At 10 o'clock they would sally forth in war paint and feathers and begin the campaign. They always got the ribbon (price, eight cents), and at dinner, during their conversation, we would learn incidentally that they had been in about forty stores and had walked at least fifteen miles. Women possess this concentrating power in a remarkable degree. For the moment the acquisition of that bit of ribbon became as important a question as the Eastern one is just now to England and Russia.

Three-fourths of the ladies you meet in large dry goods establishments at seasons of the year other than this buy nothing at all unless their fancy is attracted by accident. This is possible in nearly every store catering for them on a large scale, inasmuch as they sell every mortal thing under the sun with the exception of mowing machines and locomotives.

I have gone along with some cousins of mine, giddy

girls from Hackensack—gone along in the capacity of a light porter (and at present I am so light a porter that there is no mistaking me for "stout") and been thoroughly astonished to notice the few things you can't buy in a pins and needle store. Candies, boots, books, pen-knives, pickles, patent medicines and a wilderness of goods you would never expect to meet under the circumstances stare you in the face at ridiculously low prices.

They have lunch rooms, where you can refresh, and I seriously contemplate making an offer for the privilege of running drinking bars as an outside attraction. On reflection I think the bars would be an "inside" attraction.

When it is possible for the American husband to get drunk under the roof of a store where his wife and daughters are conspiring against his financial well being and peace of mind, then we have, indeed, realized the ideal conception of a free country, and the beneficent effects of our democratic form of government can no further go.

There is no place so admirable for a rendezvous as the New York stores I have been describing. This is particularly so now when the "boom" rages, and an apparently reckless use of money characterizes the hour. What is the logical consequence?

Come with me to any one of these bazars. You notice four, five or a dozen young men lounging along the sidewalk, admiring the decorations of the windows, and acting with elegant listlessness. We lose sight of them for a little while, and take a tour through the store or down the block. Handsome woman that, isn't she? By Jove what style! Look at those two pretty girls. Been to school or their music teacher's. Going home now to practice or read a novel by Miss Austen. Are they? Not much. In ten minutes we meet the handsome women again coming out of her favorite bazar, and with her is one of our elegant loungers. Two of the others, later on, go by with our school girls. These are cases we see. How many are there of whose existence we know nothing, know as little in fact as the down-town husband, or hard-working fathers.

It is absolutely impossible to prevent these meetings, and the system of immorality which springs from them. At the best we can but deplore, as long as New York city possesses so many handsome, well-dressed, idle scoundrels who seem to have so little difficulty in making these shopping acquaintances, so long will a practice exist which is crowned at the start by the harmless flowers of flirtation, but which, only too surely, bears the dead-sea fruit of remorse.

Let us imagine a little drama, a Christmas play, which will illustrate this:

Scene—A Sixth avenue store.

Time—The present—also 3 p. m.

Dramatis Personæ—Handsome married woman. Handsome man. (Doesn't matter about his marriage, i. e., not in this play.)

SH—But really you ought not to come here so often accidentally. You know I have to come here to shop."

HE—"Certainly I do; that's why I come."

SH—"But people will notice."

HE—"Never fear that; they are too busy with themselves, and besides, we are so eminently proper."

SH—"Why, of course we are—what should we be?"

HE—"Friends instead of mere acquaintances."

SH—"But consider how we met—how impudent and horrid you were to follow me from here and offer to carry my bundles."

HE—"Never mind that now. It's ancient history. But let us go and have some lunch. You know you didn't come in here to buy anything."

SH—"I came in to look at that cloak, the \$150 one. dream of it at night."

HE—"What's the trouble. Price too steep?"

SH—"It would swamp my husband's business if I bought that."

HE—"Why not let me present it to you?"

SH—"Heavens! you take my breath away. And why could you?"

HE—"Simply because it pleases me. Here, miss. (He beckons to saleslady.) You have this lady's address. On Dec. 24th send that cloak to it. Give me a receipt for the money. (Throws down filthy lucre)."

SH—"But my husband—he will wonder!"

HE—"No, he won't. If he does, tell him it's really inexplicable how they get up these imitations. Then say now here's a cloak I only gave \$38 for. It's every bit as good as one I saw marked \$150. Then he'll think what a provident, prudent wife he has. But come; I have the receipt, let's take the little lunch."

SH—(Sotto voce). "But am I prudent?"

This is only the first act.

There are thousands of such histrionic stories being told in New York to-day. Next to virtue as a basis of conduct among the daughters of Eve comes a love for fine dressing. It is not an acquired sin; it is a natural desire. When Poverty is a third condition then Virtue and Fine Dress are always in battle array against each other.

It is so at least in the big cities; it is especially so in New York. We are not able to be spectators in every instance, but the jewel scene in "Faust" is in constant rehearsal. Never does Mephisto wield so much power over the impetuous as in the holiday shopping time.

Conservative, law-abiding citizen as I am, I have frequently concocted the most gory plots in order to be able to obtain some gem to hang at beauty's ear.

Imagine then the critical position of beauty herself who goes shopping with an empty purse, and allows Mephistopholes to purr in that pink ear as he jingles his gold and she gazes upon the forbidden fruit, whether it be a diamond necklace or a silk cummer.

I think I will credit a modest sum to the account in my ledger headed up, "Sisters, cousins, aunts," and do my shopping in the Bowery.

In the final competition for the Ballard rifle at Camden, N. J., on the 10th C. H. Meddlezworth made the best score—41 out of a possible 50. Being the winner on three occasions the rifle becomes his absolute property.

FRANK WHITE, participant in the recent memorable fight with Kelly, was in attendance at the office of the *Clipper* on Friday afternoon, Dec. 5, at the hour appointed by him for a meeting with Jimmy Kelly, whom he persists in styling his "accidental conqueror;" but the latter did not show up, and, after waiting more than a reasonable time for Jimmy to appear, Frank took down his fifty dollar deposit and left, expressing himself satisfied that Kelly didn't mean to fight him again.

A LETTER published in a Troy paper, with the signature of Richard Higham attached, states that the following players are to compose the "New York nine" for 1880: "McCormick, of Syracuse, pitcher; James White, catcher; McVey, first-baseman; Ross Barnes, second-baseman; Doscher, third-baseman; Force, short-stop; Remsen, left fielder; Farrow, centre-fielder and change-catcher; Higham, right-fielder; and Mathews, change-pitcher." We have heard nothing of the formation of any team in New York for 1880, and certainly of no team as the one above named, which contains the name of one player at least who would not play.



## CITY CHARACTERS.

## THE THEATRICAL PRESS AGENT.

## A Gentleman Who Is Always Agent for the Only Attraction.

BY COLONEL LYNN.

(Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.)

The press agent of a show or a star is as different from himself in both instances, when working in the city and "on the road" respectively, as if he were two human beings, a sort of adjustable Siamese twins, for instance.

In the rural districts getting newspaper notices for the attraction he represents is comparatively easy work. The most influential provincial journals will have no hesitancy in printing the most complimentary paragraphs provided the agent does the correct thing in the way of drinks, cigars and tickets.

And of course the agent does the correct thing. That's what he is there for. The "local" editor climbs to his sanctum, full of his native rum, and cheerfully mentions that the genial Mr. Blank paid them the compliment of a visit yesterday and unfolded the scheme of the circus, or theatrical combination, as the case may be, which is shortly to honor the town with a visit. Then the editor becomes eloquent, and hopes that every man and woman in the place will look upon the purchase of a ticket for the entertainment as a duty but a trifle less sacred than sending in back subscriptions and the formation of newspaper clubs for the future.

This is the granger way, and it works elegantly everywhere save at Salt Lake City. Poor Artemus Ward used to say that after the editors and their families got seated there were only about four 25-cent chairs left for the paying public.

In a big city like New York the duties of the theatrical press agent become more varied and more difficult. There is a certain amount of hack noticing which the theatres expect and get in a perfectly legitimate way. Taking the advertisements into consideration, it is a fair case of *quid pro quo*. But to work up a fancy sensation, to create a stir, to warm a dying idea into fitful brilliancy—these are the problems which engross the minds of the ingenious gentlemen whose duty it is, no matter how crowded the papers may be with startling local or important cable dispatches, to inform the reading world that the eminent tragedian, the champion conjurer or the five-legged horse is each in his or its way on exhibition at the well known, etc., where every evening and on Saturday afternoons, etc., etc.

Some theatrical stars have a monotonous way of being advertised. The little dog of Clara Morris is to have her horse run away. When that is a bit stale she throws open her bedroom doors and lets the entire world know how sick she is. I do not think that her agent is a person of good taste.

One of the most threadbare devices resorted to by agents in order to keep the names of histrionic people before the world is the published announcement of the theft of their jewels. If we believed every story of this kind we would have to credit the show world with the possession of more gems than are to be found in Golconda and the South African fields combined.

One of Mapleson's prima's—Mlle. Ambre—has been puffed exceedingly, both as the possessor of fabulously valuable diamonds and as the ex-mistress of the King of Holland. I have seen her. The diamonds are all there, but she isn't. I do not think the King of Holland a person very difficult to suit.

Gerster can't come to this country owing to the fact that she doesn't want the baby rocked in the cradle of the deep, and immediately the press agent starts down to Park row to work up Marimon, who is coming over in her stead. We are told how often she was seasick, and what dreams of shipwreck dire troubled the slumbers of her French maid. All this is high art, and with people of importance like prima's it is not difficult to get the gossip in the papers. People like to read these things.

Now puffing an electric eel or an educated pig is quite a different affair. The king of this sort of business is Mr. "Tody" Hamilton. He actually revels in forcing an unattractive before the people, and is never so high-spirited as when the obtaining of one line even seems an impossibility.

It was he who educated the oysters at the Aquarium to follow him all about the building, and not in the form of a box stew either. That was wonderful enough, and attracted crowds, but when he induced them to whistle tunes and had scientists there from all over and two or three blocks further still to study the phenomenon while the operatic notices were cut down in the dailies to make room for the oysters, he accomplished his masterpiece of agitation.

I never heard them whistle, but then I was never there on a day when the temperature was just right. Mr. Hamilton's oysters were very like the spirits you meet at 25 cent seances in Grand street. They wouldn't perform under disturbing circumstances.

The press-agent is continually writing manifold notices or cooking up novel forms of advertisements, but still he can always spare time, if it's with a newspaper man, to play a game of billiards or take a drink. Properly managed shows allow him a fund for down-town expenses. No one is bribed, no vulgar business promises are made one way or the other, but the rosy reflex of an agreeable hour spent with an entertaining gentleman, and they are all entertaining, is often the light by which a generous notice is given that otherwise would have remained unpenned.

All critics are not the pirates that Mr. Boucicault, the monumental literary footpad of the world, would have you believe, and they frequently do what the press-agent desires, simply as the evolution of a kindly nature, stirred to the deed by the recent contact with the agent.

It is absolutely necessary to be a successful agent that one should lie faster than any horse in the stable of Mr. Bonner can trot, and the lie must be told with great sauciness.

"Didn't get those tickets! You surprise me. I put them up in an envelope, addressed them, and gave them to the boy myself."

That's what he says on the spur of the moment when you remind him of an utterly forgotten promise. Other tickets come post-haste, with a note stating that although the boy was the only support of a widowed mother, who had been guilty of the baby act on nine other occasions, you had discharged him after forcing a confession from him that he had sold your tickets to a speculator.

You know the agent well, and do not feel worried about the widowed mother and her starving brood.

All systematic agents keep scrap-books in which printed notices of the play or curiosity are entered. Arranging these notices is quite an art. The *Daily Rolling-Pin*, for instance, says:

"Perhaps the worst play ever written was produced last night by the Booby Troupe. As we yawned in our seat over its blatant nonsense and stupid situations we sighed

for the good old days of the drama, when a play possessed sterling merit, logical action, and witty dialogue."

Now in saving this notice you don't want to greedy with it. You simply paste in:

"Sterling merit, logical action, and witty dialogue."—*Daily Rolling-Pin*.

This is the correct and only way. I have been an agent myself, and understand the extraction of honey from gall.

## SPORTING NOTES.

BING WILLIAMS the boxer, of Virginia City, Nev., died in Tuscarora, N. Y., recently.

THE Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club offer about \$23,000 in purses and added money for their two weeks' sport in 1880.

HARRY HICKEN will take a benefit Dec. 22 at William New's Racket Court, 1,603 North Fourth street, Philadelphia, and will wind up with John H. Clark.

THE dime billiard-room has been opened in Baxter street, upon the ruins of the Grand Duke's Theatre, by that enterprising publican Sig. Luigi Retta.

DICK HOLLYWOOD is proprietor of a sporting-house known as "Hollywood's Place," at 171 Central avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, and report says suave Richard doeth well.

BILLY FRAZIER is now giving boxing lessons to students of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. He had a benefit before leaving Williamstown, Mass., and wound up with H. H. Chilson of Northampton.

A 27-hour go-as-you-please race, for prizes of \$125, \$50 and \$40, is announced to take place, under the management of James H. Gillespie, at Norumbega Hall, Bangor, Me., Dec. 18, 19. The entrance fee is \$5, and the entries close Dec. 12.

HANLAN, the carman, came to this city on the 10th to see Mr. Blaikie relative to the \$6,000 prize. Mr. Soule is in Toronto, but declines to say anything about the matter further than that, if Mr. Blaikie says Hanlan is entitled to the prize, he will probably pay it.

C. TERRONT finished first in a sixty-mile bicycle spin at the Exposition Building, Chicago, Ill., Dec. 3. He contended against Belard and the Harrison Brothers, each of whom rode twenty miles. Terront is stated to have made fifty miles in 2h. 55m. 50s., and sixty miles in 3h. 34m. 36s.

WALLACE ROSS has authorized the editor of the London *Sporting Times* to make a match for him with John Hawdon, of Delaval, Eng., for £200 a side, on the Thames champion course. Ross to receive £50 for expenses, or he will give the Englishman the same amount if he will consent to row at Plympton, Mass.

TOM STRUCK and J. Cook fought in private for a purse in London, Eng., Nov. 18. After they had been engaged nearly two hours Cook was knocked off his feet, and an old fracture in one of his legs again giving way, he could not resume. He appeared to be a stronger man at the time of the accident.

JIMMY ELLIOTT and Mike Donovan take a joint benefit at Music Hall, Boston, Mass., on New Year's Eve, when a programme rich with good things in the way of boxing exhibitions by prominent professionals of that and other cities, wrestling contests and other performances requiring strength and skill is promised.

YOUNG MORPHY, the tough light-weight, who recently had such a rattling set-to with Frank White, will be the recipient of a benefit at Regan's hand-ball and racket court, 404 Madison street, this city, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 18. White will wind up with him, and another instalment of slashing work may therefore be expected.

THE qualities of high-bred pointers and setters will be subjected to the test Dec. 9, 10, 11, when the Eastern Field Trials Club will hold a competitive meeting for prizes at Robbins' Island, opposite New Suffolk, L. I. Plenty of birds have been obtained. Those who desire to attend can take the train on the Long Island Railroad for Cutchogue.

CAPTAIN BOGARDUS will conduct a school of instruction in glass-ball shooting and the use of the shot-gun at the old Tivoli Theatre building, St. Mark's place, Eighth street, and will open it on Dec. 10, when he will give an exhibition, among other things shooting at 200 balls from half-a-dozen traps. He will have the assistance of his son Eugene, himself a crack shot.

A three days' walk, go-as-you-please, contestants to be restricted to twelve hours' work each day, came off at the Manchester, N. H., Opera House, closing Dec. 6, with this result: Tim Shea won the first money, \$75, making 179 miles 13 laps; Morris Sammon, second, \$40, 177 miles 10 laps; John Ford, third, \$20, 177 miles 1 lap; Otis Spaulding, fourth, \$15, 175 miles 14 laps.

A MATCH at twenty-five birds each, for \$75 a side, 25 yards rise, one barrel, H and T traps, loser to pay for birds, was shot by M. Dixie and W. H. Thomas at Bayonne, N. J., Dec. 6. Rain fell during the shooting, the atmosphere was heavy, causing the smoke to "lay low," and the shooting was in consequence not so good as it otherwise would have been. Dixie won by a score of 18 to 16.

JOHNNY REILLY is up for a testimonial benefit at Harry Hill's Sporting Theatre, 26 East Houston street, on the afternoon of Thursday, Dec. 18, when he intends to make a strong effort to outdo the efforts of all others who have preceded him in the way of attractions. The wind-up will be between him and that accomplished Quaker City professor of the art, Johnny Clark, and ought to be a treat to witness.

WALTER WATSON and Charles Miller fought with gloves, for £50 cup and purse, at a hall in London, Eng., on Monday, Nov. 24. The former is 26 years old, stands 2ft. 8½ in. in height, and scales 157lb; Miller is 26 years old, 5ft. 7in., 144lb. They fought according to the Queensberry rules as applied to glove-fighting, and Watson won in 1h. 17m. 10s., he getting the verdict on Miller's failure to get on his feet in the allotted 10s., after going down the second time in the 20th round. The latter, however, was dead beat. The winner was picked up by Jack Hicks and an amateur, while Jim Goode and Mickey Rees were the attendants of Miller.

THE following, which will show how far removed from the province of actual sport are these six-day gate-money grabs, is taken from the London *Sporting Life* of Nov. 26: "Charles Rowell (the holder of this trophy) has decided that the next match for the belt shall take place in England, on a date hereafter to be mutually agreed between himself and challengers. Rowell suggests that the match be fixed for the first or second week in April next, but, if the challengers desire an earlier date, he will accede to their wishes. Thomas Davis (Punchot's backer) has written us, stating that should the next match for the belt not be fixed to take place in America, he will withdraw his deposit (£100), and O'Leary also wishes his deposit of £25 returned."

DANIEL O'LEARY and F. J. Engelhardt have made arrangements for a seventy-two hours (twelve hours daily) go-as-you-please race, to take place at the Coliseum, Pittsburg, Pa., during Christmas week. The prizes consist of a gold medal and \$500 to first, \$300 to second, \$200 to third, \$100 to fourth, \$50 to fifth and \$25 for the best performance in last twelve hours by any man taking a place. All the prizes will be paid in the yellow coin of the republic. The entrance fee is \$25, which amount must be sent to F. J. Engelhardt, Pittsburg, Pa., not later than Dec. 18. The previous similar entertainments promoted by the same parties furnish sufficient guarantee that everything will be carried out in a satisfactory manner—something that cannot be said of other pedestrian contests which have been witnessed in the Iron City.

A MEETING was held at the Clipper on Monday morning, Dec. 8, by John Fraser and John Welsher, whilom athletes and present shoemakers for the fraternity and the public at large. They agreed to test their relative abilities at the games comprised in the regular programme for the amateur championship meeting, barring the three-mile run, seven-mile walk, and pole-jump. The competitions will take place upon some ground in this city, on the first and second Monday in May, 1880, and no charge will be made for admission to the ground, as the contestants are not actuated by desire for pecuniary gain, but are simply anxious to settle a question which has arisen regarding their relative abilities. The match is for \$50 a side, and the remainder of the money is to be staked here on the last Monday in April next, before 4 o'clock p. m. All races will be started by pistol shots.

RANDOLPH HEISER gave an exhibition at Beeny's Parlors, Sing Sing, N. Y., on the night of Dec. 3, in which he was assisted by Schaefer. They played the balk-line game, 200 points up, and Heiser won in two innings, making runs of 64 and 136. Schaefer's score was 4. By request of the spectators, who pardonably thought that Heiser was doing wonders in running 136—whereas he ran 230 in Boston in March 1 last, which was almost the first time he played the balk-line game—he continued to play, stopping finally after he had made 205. A report of the game in Sing Sing adds that "this is the largest run and the largest average under the new rules." Slosson has frequently run a00, has once run 385, and on Nov. 17 he ran 481. All this, however, was for fun, like Heiser's 205 and 230, and it doesn't count. The first time Slosson again played the game in public after running 481 was in Tammany Hall, when his best run was the light-waisted one of 62.

THE three-mile contest between Hornby and Thatcher took place at Sheffield, Eng., Nov. 24. Hornby, who stands 6ft. high and had 1m. start, was made favorite after the satisfactory result of his trials. He went away at a rare pace, and had covered fully 250 yards before Thatcher was sent off in pursuit. The ground, owing to the previous snow and frost, was slippery in places, but in rare going order notwithstanding. After going half the distance it was apparent that Thatcher would have to go much faster than he was doing to catch his opponent, on whom 30 to 20 were now offered freely without response. Hornby still kept pegging away, and ultimately won easily by about 200 yards. The winner's time for the three miles was 22m. 2s. Thatcher's 21m. 54s. Subsequent to their performance in the morning, Thatcher and Hornby met at the Trent Bridge Grounds, Nottingham, to decide their second match, Thatcher conceding two and a half minutes' start in seven miles. Nineteen laps and 150 yards were required to complete the specified distance, and before Thatcher was let go his opponent had placed fully 350 yards to his credit. It was past 4 o'clock before the start took place; and, when darkness intervened and the referee put a stop to the proceedings, the distance traversed by Hornby was eleven laps, while Thatcher, who had gained something like 300 yards, was credited with ten laps.

## ADVERTISING.

A FEW advertisements will be inserted on this page at 50c. per line, met, payable in advance, for each and every insertion. No electrotypes or advertisements of a questionable character accepted.

## FOR THE COMPLEXION.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.  
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S  
ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER  
removes Tan, Freckles, Sallowness, and every blemish on beauty. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless we taste it, to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. SAYRE said to a lady of the *haut ton* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." Also, Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.  
Mme. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole proprietor,  
48 Bond street, New York.  
For sale by all Druggists, and by R. H. Macy & Co., Stern Bros., Ehrlich & Co., I. Bloom & Bro., and other Fancy Goods Dealers.

## MEDICAL.

ELECTRIC Belts, Sure Cure for Premature Debility; the only reliable. Send for Circular. Dr. P. KARR, 832 Broadway, New York.

ALLEN'S Brain Food.—A positive remedy for Nervous Debility and Weakness of Genital Organs. \$1. All Druggists. Depot, Allen's Pharmacy 315 1st Ave., N. Y.

DISEASES of the sexual organs, recent or chronic, cured without medicines. Use Allen's Soluble Medicated Bougies, patented October, 1876. Send to J. C. ALLEN Co., P. O. box 1,533, or 83 John street, New York, for circular.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

MAN'S MISSION on Earth.—A Popular Medical Treatise, clearly explaining the hidden causes which sap vitality and shorten the duration of life, with hints for the removal of the same, showing how overtaxed powers may be fully restored and obstacles to marriage overcome. By mail, 25 cents, currency or postage stamps. Address SECRETARY, Museum of Anatomy, Science and Art, 489 8th Avenue, New York City.

STARTLING Discovery.—Lost Manhood Restored.—A victim of youthful imprudence causing premature decay, nervous debility, lost manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow sufferers, address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham Street, N. Y.

DOCUTA Capsules.—Safe and reliable cure for Kidney Complaints, and Diseases of the Urinary Organs. The word Docuta is on every box. Price per box, with full directions, Capsules (small size) 75 cents, Capsules (large size) \$1.50. At all Drug Stores. Mailed on receipt of price by DUNBAR DICK & Co., 35 Wooster Street, New York. Circulars free.

## AMUSEMENTS.

NATIONAL GARDEN.—Variety Theatre, 104 and 106 Bowery, M. Heumann, Pro. Cheapest place of amusement in the city. Amusing programme every evening. Matinee Saturday. Sacred concert Sunday afternoon and evening. Admission 10 and 15 cents.

CREMORNE GARDENS, 104, 106 and 108 West 82d Street, near 6th Avenue.—The most exquisite and sumptuously arranged establishment of the kind in the city. All that art can lavish or skill display embodied with music of the newest and the best, and FIFTY BEAUTIFUL LADY CASHIERS, selected from the elite of Europe and America, are the attractions every evening. All languages spoken. No extortion in prices. FREE ADMISSION.

HARRY HILL'S Gentlemen's Sporting Theatre, Billiard Parlors and Shooting Gallery with Ball Room and Restaurant attached, No. 22, 24, 26, 30 and 32 Houston Street, and 147, 149 and 151 Crosby Street, N. Y. Open all the year round. Grand Sparring Match by first-class professionals, Male and Female, several times nightly. Great novelty entertainment on the stage, hitting the passing events of the hour and the topics of the men of day. Grand Sacred Concert every Sunday night. Entire change and new faces every week.

## FINANCIAL.

\$10 TO \$1,000 invested in Wall Street Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & Co Bankers 7 Wall Street, New York.

A GOOD PLAN.—Combining and operating many orders in one vast sum has every advantage of capital, with skillful management. Large profits divided pro rata on investments of \$25 to \$10,000. Circular, with full explanations how all can succeed in stock dealings, mailed free. LAWRENCE & Co, 55 Exchange Place, New York.

THE Next President.—The politicians are anxious on this subject, but a much more important thing for all who have poor appetite, or impaired digestion, or skin diseases, or an enfeebled constitution generally, is to know that Warner's Safe Bitters will cure them. \$1.00 will be paid to any one who will prove that there is a better medicine of its kind.

## LOTTERIES.

AUTHORIZED by the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

Fifteenth popular drawing of the Commonwealth Distribution Company, at Macauley's Theatre, in the city of Louisville, Ky., on WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31st, 1879. The drawing will be supervised by gentlemen of undoubted character and standing, and ticket-holders, agents and clubs are respectfully requested to send on representatives with proper credentials to examine into the drawing.

Every ticket-holder present at the drawing has the privilege of calling out his number and seeing it placed in the wheel.

1,800 prizes, amounting to \$112,400, will be distributed. Capital prizes, \$50,000, \$10,000, \$5,000. 10 of \$1,000 each. Whole ticket, \$2. Half ticket, \$1.

All orders and communications should be addressed to T. J. COMMERFORD, Secretary, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or T. J. Commerford, 168 Broadway, New York.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

\$5 TO \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address BRINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

FULL Dress Gloves and Ties at MARK MATYEN'S, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

\$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

SCARCE Books and Rare Photos. Sample, 9c. Catalogue, 3c. Victor Renis & Co., Chicago, Ill.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address Taux & Co., Augusta, Maine.

62 Gold, Crystal, Lace, Perfumed and Chromo Cards, name in Gold & Jet 10c. Clinton Bros, Clintonville, Ct.

40 ELEGANT Cards, all Chromo, Motto and Glass name in gold and jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

50 PINAFORE, Chromo, Photo, &c., Cards, in case, 10 cts. Agents' outfit, including over 80 samples, 10 cts. Connecticut Card Co., Northford, Ct.

15 GILT Edge Visiting Cards sent to any address on receipt of 25 cts. 25 Bevel Gilt Edge 50 cts. MAX HATTAN PRINTING CO., 183 William St., P. O. Box 40, N. Y.

POKER!—If you want to win at cards, send for the Secret Helper. A sure thing. It will beat old sports. Address H. O. BROWN, Salem, New Hampshire.

NEWSDEALERS, Canvasers and Subscription Agents, who have not already sent us their names and addresses, will confer a favor on themselves and the Publisher by forwarding the same at once.

A N Elegant Holiday Present.—A gilt-bound Autograph Album, with 48 beautifully engraved pages, also 47 select quotations, all for 15 cts., post-paid; P. O. stamps taken. Agents wanted. FRANKLIN BROS., West Haven, Ct.

GENUINE French Transparent Playing Cards, each card contains a rich, rare and spicy scene visible only when held to the light. Warranted to suit. Full playing deck of 52 cards sent by mail for 50 cents, prepaid. J. PATRICK, Box 5257, Boston, Mass.

JUDGE for Yourself.—By sending 35 cents with age, height, color of eyes and hair you will receive by return mail a correct photograph of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer 33 Fultonville, N. Y.

NEW YEARS Cards, Wedding Cards, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Note Headings, Letter Headings, Envelopes, Circulars, and all kinds of Job Printing sent to any part of the country by express. Address MANHATTAN STRAW PRINTING CO., 183 William Street, N. Y. Estimates given.

MOONEY & BOLAND, Detective Agency, 162 Broadway New York (rooms 6, 7, 8, 9). On account of the general revival of business and the consequent greater opportunities offered for the perpetration of frauds on the public, we desire to call their attention to this established detective agency with its unequalled facilities for the prevention of crime and the detection of criminals. Confidential investigations made either personally or through correspondents in this or any other part of the world; habits, associations and other information regarding employees or other persons accurately and secretly ascertained; terms moderate; all business strictly confidential. State you saw this advertisement in the Police Gazette.

FROM Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D.—June 19th, 1879, the Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., of Washington, D. C., certified as follows: "I have known of several persons who regard themselves as greatly benefitted and some of them as permanently cured of diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs by the medicine prepared by Charles Craig, of Charlotte, N. Y. I have known, too, of its use in similar cases by physicians of the highest character and standing. I do not doubt that it has great virtue." In a previous communication to the *Constitutional*, Dr. Rankin referred at length to the beneficial treatment of a case in his own family, pronounced Bright's Disease by six physicians, with the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and said: "This treatment I want, in the interest of humanity, to describe and commend."





NEW YORK'S GAS-LIT LIFE.—MIDNIGHT PICTURES OF METROPOLITAN SIGHTS, SCENES AND CHARACTERS BOUND TO BE BAD—A DRAMA OF PARENTAL LOVE AND FILIAL DISOBEDIENCE ON SIXTH AVENUE AT NIGHT—FUTILE EFFORTS OF A FATHER TO RECLAIM HIS DAUGHTER—SHE INSISTS UPON HER RIGHT WHEN BROUGHT BEFORE THE COURT TO CHOOSE FOR HERSELF, AND PREFERS THE LIFE OF A HARLOT AND ITS GILDED PLEASURES TO THE COMFORTS OF HOME.—[SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY GAZETTE ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 14.]